

1096

PART 87

VOL 15

January, 1864.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

THE STUDY OF THE FACE, ILLUSTRATED WITH A
BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVING OF CUNNING
IN THE IMBECILE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE STUDY OF THE FACE	97
MISTS	100
THE WHITE GAUNTLET. BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID	100
THE DIAMOND	114
DRUIDS AND BARDS	115
OUR WAYSIDE PORTS	116
THE NEW YEAR	119
LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO	119
ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY	124
THE MONTHLY MIRROR	126

PRICE
ONE SHILLING

C.E.C. DES

LONDON
PUBLISHED BY W. TWEEDIE
337, STRAND.

Cases for Binding Vol. 14, now ready, price 1s. 6d.

ROBERT S. STACY,

WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND EXPORT MANUFACTURING STATIONER
General Printer and Bookseller,
170, SHOREDITCH, LONDON, N.E.

COLOURED & FANCY PAPER MANUFACTORY, CARD, MILL BOARD, BOOKBINDERS' CLOTH WAREHOUSE
IMPORTER OF FOREIGN FANCY GOODS.

3 AND 4, NEW INN YARD, SHOREDITCH, LONDON, E.C.

Branch Establishments { 257, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.
132, OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.

A FEW SELECTED PRICES FROM A GENERAL STOCK OF STATIONERY.

NOTE PAPERS.

Superior Straw (extra smooth).....	2s.	per ream.
Cream Laid,—Scribbling quality.....	1s. 8d.	"
" Superior ".....	2s. 6d.	"
" Good Business ".....	3s.	"
" Extra Stout ".....	4s.	"
Tinted Note Paper.....	1s. 5 qr.	Packet.
Foreign Tinted, do.	1s.	" "

LETTER PAPERS.

Straw, for rapid writing.....	4s.	per ream.
Superfine Cream Laid.....	5s.	"
" Stout ".....	6s.	"

Draft Paper.....	from 5s.	per ream.
Foolscap Paper.....	" 6s.	"
" Ruled.....	" 7s.	"
Superior Commercial Note Paper, Headed with Customers' own Address, 6s. per Ream, or 10 Reams for 55s.		

NO CHARGE FOR ENGRAVING PLATE.

NO CHARGE for Stamping Crests, Initials, Arms, or Address on
Paper or Envelopes. Polished Steel Crest Dies engraved for 5s.
Business Dies, from 2s. 6d. Colour Stamping (Relief), 4s. per Ream.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station for Orders exceeding 20s.

WEDDING CARDS, ENVELOPES, INVITATION NOTES, &c., &c.

(Specimens to be seen on application.)

STEEL PENS.

STACY'S Steel Pens.....	1s.	per pen
STACY'S Magnum Bonum.....	3s.	"
Gillott's, Mitchell's, and all other selected Pens.		
Quill Pens, Quill Nibs, Gold Pens, &c.		

MOURNING NOTE PAPERS.

Cream Laid, in all widths, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., per 5 qr. packet.
Lavender Tinted Note Paper, in all widths...2s.
Foreign Mourning Note and Letter Papers.

MOURNING ENVELOPES.

Note Size, in all widths.....from 1s. per 100.
Foreign Mourning Envelopes.
Lavender Tinted do.
Larger sizes, for Memorial Cards, Hat-bands, Gloves, &c., &c.

ENVELOPES.

Good Buff, Commercial size.....	3s. 3d.	per 100
Blue Laid, Commercial size.....	4s.	"
Cream Laid do.....	4s. 6d.	"
(Every other Size and quality in Stock.)		

INKS.

Extra Office Ink, Copying, Blue, Blue Black, and Red Inks in all sizes

INKSTANDS.

Metal, Ebony, Walnut, Papier Maché of every description.

ACCOUNT BOOKS.

LEDGERS, CASH, JOURNAL, DAY, ORDER, MEMORANDUM & MANUSCRIPT BOOK
IN EVERY SIZE AND QUALITY. A LARGE STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

ACCOUNT BOOKS RULED AND BOUND TO ORDER.

LETTER-PRESS, LITHOGRAPHIC, & COPPER-PLATE PRINTING, ENGRAVING & DIE-SINKING
EXECUTED WITH THE GREATEST OF DESPATCH.

BOOK-BINDING, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL.

A NEW WORK.
(NEARLY READY.)

EDWIN MAY'S PHILOSOPHY.

By JAMES CAMPKIN,

Author of the "Struggles of a Village Lad," "Poor Joe," "The Pariah
Boy," &c., &c., &c.

Published on the 1st of every Month.
Price TWOPENCE.

THE HARBINGER

(THE MAGAZINE OF THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S CONNEXION
AND THE FREE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.)

AUNT ESTHER AND HER UMBRELLA.

By LOUISA SIMONDS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. POST FREE.

TIONER

E.

WAREHOUSE

IONERY.

..... 1s. per
..... 3s.

3.
or 5 qr. packet
"

n 1s. per 100.

s, &c., &c.

.3s. 3d. per 100
.4s. "
.4s. 6d. "
(t.)

ks in all size bot

tion.

T BOOK

ER.

E-SINK

nth.

GER

N'S CONNE

(D.)





*Cunning
in the Imbecile.*

From the "Punch" 5"

THE STUDY OF THE FACE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF STEEL ENGRAVING.

By THOMAS WOOLNOTH.

CUNNING IN THE IMBECILE.

As Cunning is here introduced in connection with a head in which we might least expect to find it, it would almost appear as though Nature had left her work unfinished, in order that it might be completed by art; but since this faculty with which it appears to be peculiarly invested, to meet its mental emergencies, cannot be physiologically explained, it only remains to be physically considered, or practically accounted for. First, then, with a view of distinguishing this incipient head of Cunning in the Imbecile from the preceding illustration of the same quality in its more intelligent but not less crafty companion; it is necessary to state that little more than an intellectual difference is attempted in the representation, the same lines being so analogous in both as to be almost traced in their individual forms, and invariably so in their general tendencies. It may next be considered, not only in reference to the more accomplished deceivers; but to those detached and unsophisticated victims of their art who may have neither leisure nor inclination for their practices, in order to ascertain how it happens that such minds so frequently become the dupes of their miserable devices. It might be remarked, then, that the comprehensive or copious mind, acting under various influences, and taking different directions, may be compared to a divided stream, which, flowing in different channels, is confined or weakened in the same degree that it is diverted in its separate course; and from the opposite cause it may be equally supposed that the weaker mind, by concentrating its shallow resources, and resolving them into one particular object for the accomplishment of one particular end, obtains its sole and individual advantage over the stronger in its most accessible and least defensible part. It may be added, in further illustration, that as simplicity or complexity marks the difference between strong and weak minds, so art or artifice must be the product of one or the other; superior-minded persons who are out of the common way of thinking, get out of the common mode of acting, and thus it is they are often the dupes of those inferior ones who have just sagacity enough to avail themselves of their worldly deficiencies. In the most barren minds there may be a vagrancy, but no vacancy; they must be filled up in some way or other, and their natural capacity for receiving, without the power of retaining, renders the solid uses they are able to make of their superficial contents the more delusive and surprising. This condition of mind

will be found in an eminent degree among such as are generally recognized as fortunate men, who, while others are looking for materials from afar, find all that is necessary at home; persons who rather buy than build, unless at the cost of others, who, like the ground they occupy, become substantial men, and make the grand distinction between those who ruin their fortunes and those who raise them out of their ruins.

A Mr. Dance, who had realized an immense sum, and was deficient in every thing but cunning, some years since was drawn for the militia; in consequence of which it was necessary he should either serve in person, or find a substitute, unless he could claim some ground of exemption. The following account of his method of escape may be given in his own words:—"Some people say I'm a fool; fool enough, though, to get money, and wise enough to keep it. Now, what do you think I did when I was drawn for the militia? Why, I took a gentleman with me to the magistrate to prove I was not *computh mentuth*; and what do you think the magistrate said to me but just these words: 'Mr. Dance,' says he, 'you need not to have brought any one here to prove that you were not *compos mentis*; for if you had only come yourself, it would have been quite sufficient!' Now tell me," said Mr. Dance (triumphantly) to those he was addressing, "could you have got off so?" "Oh, certainly not!" said they; "then," said Mr. Dance, "*who's the fool?*" This anecdote is simply introduced amongst abounding instances of their absurdities, to show that where they appear to be past description, they are able to make up all that is wanting in their character, by becoming their own commentaries.

It is very remarkable that in such countenances there appears to be cunning without contrivance, a circumstance highly favourable to the meaner practice of the art, where it is necessary that persons of the least understanding should be the least understood.

Now, as there is nothing men resent more, than an imposition on the understanding, so they prepare themselves in the same degree against any attack upon it; and it is this which gives these negative-looking beings a positive advantage over their intriguing brethren, who, by betraying their intentions in their faces, have not the same opportunity of imposing upon their credulity: even those who may discover enough in their physiognomy to show how capable they are of mischief, will frequently put themselves in their power, by questioning their capacity to execute it.

Among their own immediate connections, they

[The Right of Translation and Reproduction is Reserved.]



are not less felicitous, arising probably from a secret apprehension of a suspected deficiency, which it is their pride and ambition to overcome. Hence it so frequently happens that, by a kind of agreeable roguery, they not only succeed in triumphing over the understanding of their friends, but of turning their social intercourse to good secular account. Under every circumstance, however, their end may be said to be fully answered; for, as they are never conscious of the failure of their schemes, should any smile at their futility, they vainly take it as an acknowledgment of defeat, and consider all such expressions as mere compliments to their understandings, which are only intended as so many concessions to their folly.

Cunning, in its descriptive and moral character (for any one attempting a definition of its nature would only be entangled in its intricacies), may be considered the wisdom of animals and the folly of man; it is the lowest condition of human intelligence, and the highest order of brute excellence, and in this latter connection makes all the difference between the fox and the goose; it would seem also as instinctively to separate men from each other; for from this degrading point humanity seems to rise as in reverse, and gives the sagacity of the wise man its manifest superiority over the cunning of the fool.

It might be profitable to consider, by way of reflection, how providentially the balance of good and evil is here preserved; if they are not intellectually united to the world, they are separated in the same degree from its cares and anxieties, and possess a felicity in their state of abstraction that it would be unjust to deprive them of; if they cannot join the march of intellect, they have in reserve the privilege of taking their own way, no one choosing to cross their path, or entrench upon their premises; they are alike free from the perplexities of thought and disturbances of feeling; the fatigues of study and the encumbrances of learning: and this happy deliverance from the strife and slavery of schools, secures for them a total exemption from the ordinary taxes upon talent—envy, hatred, detraction, and ill-will! So it is that, while the rest of the world may be said to be engaged in the laborious pursuit of an object which at its highest attainment has never yet been known to satisfy, these are the only men that are able to sympathize with the poet and say, "Enough! where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Well with a noble scorn we may disdain
The fruitful labours of the sterile brain,
When we can separate what fate has joined,
A starving body and luxurious mind!

CUNNING IN THE IMBECILE.

The eyes and eye-brows a direction upward from the corners, attempting the same expression of Cunning as in its more accomplished companion; but accompanied by a vacancy that would almost conceal the design.

The nose and mouth concerting with this; the mouth especially marked by an open and wavering

expression of doubt and indecision. In every feature a strong indication of more mischief than the head is capable of, as would appear from a laxity of muscle throughout, which distinguishes it from the more determined character of the foregoing counterpart.

This peculiar and only talent concentrated in one part, as seen in the width across the forehead, in the direction of the eyes.

The remarkably low, contracted, and inclined forehead, not only contributing to, but mainly accounting for the discrepancy of the whole.

The head, as presented in its intellectual destitution, together with its natural supplies, may be regarded as eagerness without energy, and emotion without expression.

DECEIT.

Having considered Cunning to be a mechanical property of the mind, Deceit will be found to be that fatal compound of it to which Cunning is only the colouring ingredient.

As Deceit and Cunning so reflect their natures upon each other as to be frequently confounded together, it will be the endeavour to separate them, by assigning this more odious quality its proper place in our *dis-esteem*.

Deceit receives its character from the bad passions which engender it, and, in its turn, affords a shelter for those disorderly ones which otherwise could not be so reputably indulged in; and without which covering, the subjects of them would scarcely be able to live in the world, much less to annoy it.

There is a Deceit arising out of the present artificial state of things, that is intended so to invalidate the natural expression to the common observer, as to turn it to good trading and political account; for instance, two gentlemen shall look each other honestly in the face, and yet there shall be a secret consciousness in both, that neither of them is exactly what each would have the other think him to be; this produces such a mutual suspicion and habitual mistrust, that they would no more venture abroad without these facial precautions than they would think of going out without a covering, or leaving their drawers unlocked.

It may be worthy of notice, that where there is anything like principle, there is such a struggle between nature and art as to which should keep possession of the countenance, that one might almost be tempted to believe there could be mischief without motive, and deceit without design.

There is a kind of Deceit which some persons endeavour to reconcile, as making only an innocent breach upon the understanding, and attended with no more inconvenience than might be experienced by the misdirected stranger in the streets; besides a thousand other practical fooleries which pass off without wit or contrivance in those who are no more able to give an account of themselves than a monkey may be expected to write his own history. As this expositor cannot be expected to

every
f than
rom a
shes it
e fore-

ted in
ehead,

clined
mainly

desti-
may be
motion

anical
l to be
is only

atures
ounded
them,
proper

ad pas-
ords a
erwise
thout
arcelly
noy it.
artifi-
alidate
ver, as
count;
other
secret
em is
lk him
on and
enture
n they
ng, or

ere is
ruggle
l keep
might
e mis-
gn.

ersons
inno-
ended
expe-
reets;
which
e who
selves
s own
ted to



Deceit.



provide against the arts of those comical deceivers who have no more meaning in their faces than ingenuity in their designs, it is fully able to protect us against the devices of those more crafty and insidious characters, who seduce with all the gravity of lying words, deceitful looks, and the more persuasive eloquence of a lying silence!

There is a kind of doubling upon Deceit, in instances where certain individuals, having got into the confidence of two parties, have been successful in destroying the peace of both, and that, too, without any seeming advantage in this world beyond fitting them for black companionship in the next; while others there are, who so economise their time, that, lest the day should not be long enough for their schemes, they "imagine mischief upon their beds," and only seem to rise for the purpose of executing it. There is also a malignant Deceit in persons who precede and follow an unkind speech with a seeming unconsciousness to offend, at the same time that they are acting upon you like a cross providence, which makes you sensible of the blow without perceiving the hand which inflicts it.

Of the same benevolent community are to be found persons who convey insult under the shape of advice, and by rude and rending speeches give themselves credit for honesty of purpose, or what is too often called "being straightforward;" a very convenient phrase, by the bye, and frequently as *direct* in its application as a sword in the hand of an assassin.

There is another form of Deceit which is consequent on the interested patronage or vanity of such as load you with promises, in order to get a place (*pro tempore*) in your esteem; a kind of *ignis fatuus* in the deceitful world—"lights to mislead the way," and upon whom you may dance attendance till your "dancing days are over." This, in a comprehensive sense, is what is simply called the deceit of the world; which, fortunately for it, does not mark the countenance, and which we can no more provide against, than we can tell what will happen to-morrow. A worthy man to whose canvassing exertions an "honourable gentleman" was indebted for a seat in Parliament, promised him, in the event of his success, to procure him, through the interest of a commissioner, a situation in the Excise. The poor man called repeatedly upon his patron, who as often left him with this consoling sentiment, that "man never is, but always to be, blest." At length, tired out with his importunities, he gave him the promised letter to his influential friend; the fortunate creature hastened home, and threw down the letter before his wife, whose curiosity getting the better of her discretion, she dislodged the seal with a warm knife, and opened the honourable gentleman's letter, which ran thus: "My lord, the bearer of this letter has been pestering me a long time to procure him a situation in the Excise; but you may do as you please about it, as I have no particular desire to serve him.—I have the honour to be, sincerely," &c.

There is another kind of Deceit, which, when it does not materially affect the condition, and but

slightly the feelings of those it practises upon, might be reckoned a quality comparatively innocent, in cases where it arises from an irresistible curiosity to pry into your affairs—a bewitching foolery which not a few possess; men who will even risk the offer of their services, if by any means they may ascertain your circumstances; and it is well for them, in a pecuniary way, when they are not taken at their word, and not (as the vulgar phrase is) "made to pay for peeping."

In this futile class we may include the whole host of deceitful gossips, who go about collecting news, and charging their brains with such a mass of heterogenous stuff, as to give their organs an elasticity which not only stretches them out for the family contents of their whole circle of acquaintance, but takes the circumference of the whole parish besides. It is well for us that their creature capacities are in their measure restricted; for, had they as great an appetite for other things as they have for news, like locusts they would eat up the face of the earth, and add famine to their plagues. These are your deceitful busy-bodies, which get a free passport from house to house, with their smooth solicitous faces, making the most kind inquiries after friends' friends, and acquaintances' acquaintances, in order to collect gossiping materials, which they sprinkle as they go, and deposit, with the addition of all the family concerns they take in succession; not at all aware, by this kind of traffic, how much the exchange is against them, and that for the stock they are taking away, they are leaving such a character behind, as in the estimation of every decent person would be more than a set-off for all the deceitful uses they propose to make of their merchandize. There is also a perfidious Deceit, from which there is no escaping, belonging to certain characters who seem willing to show to some how much they care for their reputation, and to others how little they care for the loss of it, and are remarkable for what *Æsop* calls blowing hot and cold with the same breath. This is never so well illustrated as in their mode of paying and receiving visits. There are such things as cordial invitations and cold receptions; some persons receive you with a warmth which seems to upbraid you for your long absence, and long to get rid of you all the while, in order that they may wonder at the impudence of your visit. It is very unfortunate, however, that any should wait for an experimental acquaintance with those promissory faces which a few previous and well-directed observations would not only explain away, but enable their dupes to become their detectors, and leave the deceivers with nothing to do but deceive themselves.

Deep and obscure as the treacherous lines may be, they are no sooner exposed to the light of science, than they come out like marking ink, and in such black and legible characters as one need only to read to run from.

DECEIT.

As male and female heads are introduced alternately for the sake of variety, should any fall under

the severer distinctions it is entirely the effect of accident, as the heads are only expected to be seen through the medium of the passions which either might convey.

In every instance it may be noticed, that the deceitful look does not depend so much upon disorderly lines, as upon the disturbance it gives the general expression, by a constrained effort to reconcile its individual contrarieties.

Hence it is to be observed,

That the features do not assimilate.

The eyes and mouth especially contradict each other, but lose their inconsistency when seen alone.

By way of experiment, if hidden alternately, the eyes will not be so unpleasant when seen apart, and the mouth will part with much of its deceit in the absence of the eyes.

The rest of the features act in contradiction to each other, and the lines as represented are so diverted from their natural tendency, as to betray no little effort of the mind to keep them together.

The pressure of the forehead occasions corresponding appearances in the cheek, and the constrained smile at the corner of the mouth shows up the face with equal discordancy.

The fleshy muscles upon which the eyebrows rest, overhang the eyes, and give them a sunken appearance, attended with a deep hazy tone around them, making the whites of the eyes very conspicuous; and this, with a light iris and very small pupil, produces a look of uncertainty and suspicion.

The face, as represented in this case, with projecting chin and angular jaws.

So that, notwithstanding all its counter-movements, the face and its devices are very neatly joined together.

MISTS.

WHEN, o'er the smiling landscape spread,
The misty vapours rise,
And Nature's lovely face is veiled
Reluctant from our eyes :

E'en as we mourn the picture fled,
Uprising in his might,
The glowing sun the fog repels,
And, bathed in floods of light,

Again to our enraptured gaze,
Each varying charm unfolds ;
Whilst heaven-sent melody of birds
Entranced our senses holds.

Thus, when, to steadfast eye of Faith,
The mists of doubt and fear
Enshroud in dark obscurity
The prospect bright and clear,

The Sun of Righteousness will shine,
With His all-powerful ray—
Will banish hence the shadowy gloom,
Till perfect reigns the day !

F. DRIVER.

THE WHITE GAUNTLET.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

(Continued from p. 63.)

CHAPTER LXIX.

As the last of Scarthe's troopers passed out of the park of Stone Dean, Gregory Garth—who through a loophole had been watching their departure—came forth from his hiding-place, and re-entered the house.

Guided by a similar instinct, the Indian made his appearance about the same time; and the two stood face to face—but without the ability to exchange either word or idea.

Gregory could not comprehend the pantomimic language of the Indian; while the latter knew not a word of English—his master always conversing with him in his native tongue.

It is true that neither had much to say to the other. Both had witnessed the capture of their common patron and master. Oriole only knew that he was in the hands of enemies; while Garth more clearly comprehended the character of these enemies, and their motive for making him a prisoner.

Both had temporarily betaken themselves to a place of concealment—from the conviction that their presence near the prisoner could have been of no service to him; but, on the contrary, might have ended in their being themselves taken. Holtspur had himself given them a signal to retire. Now that he was gone, the first and simultaneous thought of both was the question, as to whether there was any chance of effecting his release.

With the Indian this was an instinct; while perhaps with any other Englishman than one of Garth's kidney the idea would scarce have been entertained.

But the ex-footpad, in the course of his professional experience, had found his way out of too many prisons to regard the accomplishment of such a feat as either impossible or improbable; and he at once set about reflecting on what steps he should take for the release of his patron. He was sadly in need of a second head to join counsel with his own. That of the Indian, however good it might have been, was absolutely of no use to Garth: since there was no way of getting at the ideas it contained.

"The unfortunate creetur!" exclaimed he, after several vain attempts at a mutual understanding of signs; "he an't no use to me—not half so much as my own old dummies: for they were o' some sarvice. Well, I maun try an' manage 'ithout him."

Indeed Gregory, whether wishing it or not, was soon left to this alternative; for the Indian, convinced he could not make himself intelligible, desisted from the attempt: and, following out another of his natural instincts, he parted from the ex-footpad, and glided off upon the track of the troopers—perhaps with some vague idea of being more serviceable to his master if once by his side again.

"The dummy's faithful to him as a hound," said Gregory, seeing the Indian depart; "same as my

dummies war to me. Sir Henry has done 'im a sarvice some time or other, I dar say—as he does everybody whar he can. Now, what's to be done for *him*?"

The footpad stood for some minutes in a reflecting attitude. "They've ta'en him up to Bulstrode, whar they're quartered. No doubt about that. They won't keep him there a longish time. They mean no common prison to hold *him*. Newgate or the Tower?—one o' the two are sure o' bein' his lodging afore the morrow night? What chance o' a rescue on the road? Ne'er a much I fear. Dang seize it! my dummies wouldn't do for that sort o' thing. There'll go a whole troop o' these kewras-seers along wi' him? No doubt o't."

"I wonder if they'll take him up to-day? Maybe they woant; an' if they doant, theer mout be a chance i' the night. I wish I had some one to help me wi' a good think. Hanged if I kin believe old Dancey to be a treetor. 'Tan't possible, after what he ha' sayed to me no later than yesterday mornin'. No, 'tan't possible. He ha' know'd nothin' 'bout this bizness; and it be all the doins o' that devil's get o' a Walford."

"I'll go see Dancey. I'll find out whether he had a hand in't or no. If no, then he'll do summat to help me; and maybe that daughter o' his 'll do summat? Sartin she *will*. If my eyes don't cheat me, the girl's mad after Sir Henry—runnin' mad as a hare in March time. I'll go to Dancey's this very minnit. I've another errand in that same direction; an' I kin kill two birds with the one stooan. Cuss the whey-faced loon! If I doant larrup him, as long's I kin find a hard spot inside his ugly skin. Augh!"

And winding up his soliloquy with this aspirated exclamation, Gregory Garth commenced moving about the house—as if to prepare for his proposed visit to the cottage of Dancey.

Although he had promised himself to start on the instant, it was a good half hour before he took his departure from Stone Dean. The larder lay temptingly open—as also the wine cellar; and although the captors of Henry Holtspur had foraged freely upon both, the short time allowed them for ransacking had prevented their making a clear sweep of the shelves. The ex-footpad, therefore, found sufficient food to furnish him with a tolerable breakfast, with wine enough to wash it down.

But in addition to the time spent in appeasing his appetite, there was another affair that occupied some twenty minutes longer. In his master's bedroom—and other apartments that had not been entered by the cuirassiers—there were a number of valuable articles of a portable kind. These, that might almost be said to be now ownerless, were of course no longer safe—even within the house. Any thief might at that moment have entered, and carried them away under his cloak.

Gregory Garth was not the man to leave such commodities thus unprotected; and, procuring a large bag, he thrust silver cups, candlesticks, with several other costly articles of *luxure*, dress, and armour, into it—one upon top of the other—

until the bag was full to the mouth. Then, hoisting it on his shoulders, he marched out of the house; and, after carrying the bag some distance off among the shrubbery, he selected for it a place of concealment. As this was an act in which the *ci-devant* footpad was an adept, he bestowed the sack in such a manner that the sharpest eye might have passed within six feet without perceiving it.

It is not justice to Gregory to say that he was *stealing* this treasure. He was merely secreting it against the return of its owner. But it would be equally untrue to assert, that, while hiding the bag among the bushes, his mind did not give way to some vague speculation as to the chances of its *reversion* to himself.

Perhaps it occurred to him that in the event of Holtspur never returning to Stone Dean,—or never being seen by him, Garth, again—the contents of that sack would be some compensation for the loss of his beloved master?

Certainly some such thought flitted vaguely through his brain at that moment; though it could not have taken the shape of a wish; for in the very next instant he started off from Stone Dean, eagerly bent on an errand, which, if successful, would annihilate the chances of that vaguely contemplated reversion.

CHAPTER LXX.

The parting speech of her resentful lover had not fallen upon the ears of Bet Dancey without producing an effect.

It was not the opprobrious epithet concluding it that had caused the red to forsake her cheeks—leaving them along with her lips blanched and bloodless. It was not the vilifying phrase, but the hint that preceded it, which stung her to starting upon her feet, and standing for some seconds silent and with suspended breath.

"*Maybe thee hast seen thy fine fancy for the last time. Ha! I've did that this night'll put iron bars atween thee and him.*"

Such were Walford's exact words.

Between her and whom? Holtspur? Who else? Who but Holtspur was in *her* mind? And who but he could be in the mind of Walford?

She knew that the latter was fiercely jealous of the Black Horseman. Glad would she have been had the latter given him cause. Alas! she alone had exhibited the signs that had conducted Walford to that jealousy.

Iron bars!—a prison! for him—the man who in her own wild way she almost adored! What did it mean? Was it in prospect, this threatened prison for Holtspur? Or might it mean that he was already incarcerated?

The latter could scarce be—else something relating to it would have escaped from the lips either of her father or his guest, during their babble over the bottle of Hollands?

They had been at Stone Dean throughout the whole night. The girl knew it; and knew how they had been employed—knew also something of

the character of the company convened there—enough to convince her that it was some sort of a secret assemblage, dangerous to be held under the light of day.

The intelligent maiden knew, moreover, that the cavalier was a man of peculiar inclinations—that is, one who was suspected of not being loyal to the king. She had heard all this in whispers and from the lips of her father—who was accustomed to make no secret of his own disloyalty.

Bet regarded not the republican leanings of the man she admired—perhaps on this account she admired him all the more? Not because they were in consonance with the professions of her own father, but from the courage required to avow such sentiments in such times; and courage was just the virtue to challenge the admiration of this bold-hearted beauty.

If there was aught to interfere with her approval of Holtspur's political proclivities, it was a vague sense of his being in danger from holding them. This, from time to time, had rendered her uneasy on his account.

The words of Walford had suddenly changed this uneasiness into a positive anxiety.

True, he appeared to have uttered them in spite; but not the less likely was his half-conditional threat to have a foundation in some fact about transpiring or that had already transpired.

"There is danger," muttered the maiden, as Walford went off. "Master Holtspur must be warned of it—if I have to go myself. I shall go," she added, as she saw her father sink helplessly into his chair. "I shall go—this very instant."

She lifted her hooded cloak from its peg, flung it loosely over her shoulders; and, casting another glance towards the sleeper in the chair, was about to set forth on her self-spoken errand. Just at that moment the lurcher gave out his note of alarm.

The intoxicated deerstealer heard the bark—stirred slightly on his seat—muttered some incoherent syllables; and wandered off into a fresh chapter of dreams.

"If it should be Will coming back!" said Bet, moving on tiptoe towards the door—"I wouldn't be a bit surprised. No! thank the stars, it's not he! It's some one from the direction of Stone Dean. Oh! if it should be——"

An exclamation of disappointment interrupted the speech, as a tall, motley-clad figure, a dark-skinned face, and black bushy beard presented themselves a short distance off, under the branches of the trees.

"It's that new friend of father's—his friend, too," muttered the girl. "I heard them say he was at the house last night. Perhaps he can tell? maybe he comes——"

"Morrow, my gurl!" saluted Gregory Garth, interrupting her speculations as to the object of his visit. "Niceish weather. Old bird back to his roost yet? Eh?"

"My father, you mean?" rejoined Bet, not showing any displeasure at the bizarre style either of the salute or the interrogatory.

"Why, sartin, I means him. Theer an't no other old bird as belongs to this nest, be there? At home, eh?"

"He is. He's asleep in his chair. You see him there?"

"Well, he do appear to be somethin o' that sort sureish enough. Asleep, eh? He snorts like a good un! An't he a leetlish bit more than sleepin'? Eh, gurl?" continued the interrogator, seeing that Bet hesitated to make reply to this last interrogatory.

"Well! I won't ask ye to answer the question—seein' he be thy father. But theer sartinly be a strongish smell here. Ah! it be coomin' from these cups, I suppose."

Garth, as he said this, lifted one of the tin vessels from the table, and held it up to his nose.

"That's been Hollands in that 'ere. Same in t'other," he added, smelling the second cup. "Got the exact *bokay*—as the French say 'bout their wines—o' some o' them spirits over at the Dean. But surely the old un don't need both cups to drink out o'. Theer's been another un at it? It wan't thyself? Eh?"

"No!" replied Bet, pronouncing the denial with a slightly indignant emphasis.

"No, no, gurl! I war only a jokin' thee. But who war the other jovial?"

"A friend of father's. You know him, master? Will Walford."

"A friend o' your father's, eh? A great friend o' yer father's, aint he?"

"Father thinks a deal of him—more than he ought to, may be."

"Then it's not true, Mistress Betsey, that you be so partial to this Will Walford?"

"Partial to *him*! Who said I was?"

"Well, nobody as I knows on; but every body say he be that way to you."

"I can't help that, nor people's tongues neither. If people would only mind their own business"——

"Ah! if they would, what a happy, comfortable time we'd have o't! But they woant—they woant—dang seize 'em!"

After giving utterance to this somewhat old-fashioned reflection, Gregory remained for a time in a state of moody silence—as if under a regret which the thought had produced.

"You have some business with father?" said Bet, interrogatively.

"Well—that," replied Garth, appearing to hesitate about what he was going to say—"that depends. Sartin the old un don't look much like doing business just now, do he?"

"I fear not," was Bet's simple reply.

"May be, Mistress Betsey," continued Garth, casting a glance of scrutiny in the face of the girl. "May be you might do better for the business I want, than your father?"

"What is it you want?"

"A friend. Not for myself; but for one that be in danger."

"Who—who's in danger?" asked the girl, with an eagerness of manner, that did not escape the eye of him to whom the question was addressed.

"A gentleman—a true gentleman. *You* ought to know who I mean?"

"*I* ought to know? How?"

"You han't heerd, then, what's happened at Stone Dean, this mornin'?"

Bet made no answer. Her look, while proclaiming a negative, told the anxiety with which she listened to the interrogatory.

"You han't heerd as how Master Holtspur ha' been took a prisoner, and carried away by the kewrasseers o' Captain Scarthe? You han't heerd that, eh?"

"Oh! cried Bet," adding a somewhat more emphatic form of ejaculation. "That then is what he meant. I might have known it. O God! it was that!"

"Who meant? What?"

"Walford—the villain!"

"Thee callest him a villain: do thy father think him one?"

"When he hears this, he will. Oh! Master Holtspur a prisoner! and to that man who is his enemy! 'Tis Will Walford's doings—I am sure it is."

"What make thee think that, gurl?"

"He said he had done something—this very hour—something to bring it about."

"Did he say so to thy father?"

"No; only out of spite to me—just as he was going off. My father heard him, but he was too—too sleepy to understand him. If he had—"

"He would ha' been angry wi' him too; as thou art, brave gurl?"

"I'm sure he would."

"All right. I thought as much."

"A prisoner! Oh, sir! where have they taken him to? What will they do to him? Tell me—tell me!"

"I'll tell thee, when I know myself; and that, gurl, be just the errand ha' brought me over here. I see it be no use wakin' up the old un just now. Them Hollands 'll keep him a prisoner till well nigh sundown. I' the meanwhile, somethin' must be done 'ithout him. Maybe you can sarve my purpose, as well, or better'n him—if thee be that way disposed."

"What purpose? If it be anything I can do for—for—Master Holtspur! Oh, I'll be only too glad."

"That be just what I want. Thee must know I'm a friend o' Master Holtspur—an old retainer o' his family; and I'd lay down my life, or a'most that, to get him out o' the clutches o' these kewrasseers. I know that Captain 'll try to get him beheaded. Ah! an' he'll get it done too; if we can't find some way o' escape for him. It's to find that, I wants thy help, Mistress Betsey."

"Tell me how I can help thee—I am ready for anything!" responded the girl.

As she said this, both her air and attitude betokened the earnestness of her words.

"There be no time to lose, then; else I mout ha' waited for yer father to go part wi' us. No matter; we can take the first step without him."

It will be for you to go up to Bulstrode—that's where they've taken him just now. Get inside the house. You be known there, an't ye?"

"Oh, yes; I can go in or out when I like. They won't suspect anything."

"It be more than I could do, wi' a good many houses," said Garth, smiling significantly, "else I mout ha' gone myself. But you 'll do better than me—better than anybody, mayhap. Find out, if ye can, first—whether the prisoner be goin' to be taken up to London; then, what time they're goin' to take him; then, what part o' the place they've put him in: for he's sure to be shut up somewhere. Find out that; an' as much more as you can; and fetch the whole story back here to me. Maybe by the time you gets back, the old un here 'll be awake, an' ha' his noddle clear enough to help us think o' something."

"I shall go at once," said Bet, moving in the direction of the door.

"Aye, start right off. The minutes be precious for Master Henry. Stay! I'll go with thee a bit. I have another errand out this direction, that 'll just about occupy me, till ye get back. We may as well go thegither—so far as our roads agree. "Good-bye, Dick Dancey! Snore on, old un; an' get done wi' as quick's ye can. We may want ye, by-an'-by."

And with this jocular leave-taking, the retired footpad slipped out of the house; and followed the girl; who, eager upon the errand that had summoned her forth, had already gone some distance along the path.

CHAPTER LXXI.

The respective routes of Gregory Garth and Bet Dancey did not correspond for any great length. At a distance of two or three hundred yards from the cottage, the path parted into two; one, the plainer one, running towards the rearward of Bulstrode Park; the other—which appeared as if used by only a few individuals—bending in the direction of Will Walford's domicile.

The daughter of Dick Dancey faced into the former; and, treading it nimbly, soon disappeared behind the hanging boughs of the beeches.

The old footpad, lingering a little to look after her, as soon as she was out of sight, turned into the other path; which promised to conduct him to the hut of the woodman.

Before going far in this new direction, he once more came to a stop. Drawing a clasp knife from his pocket, he stepped up to a bush of holly that grew near the path, and proceeded to cut off one of its largest branches.

Having severed the sapling from its parent stem, he continued to ply his blade until it had assumed the shape and dimensions of a stout cudgel. The purpose for which this weapon was intended may already have been guessed at. If not, the mutterings which escaped from the lips of Gregory Garth will make clear his intent.

"I don't want," said he, paring off some of the

more prominent knots with his knife, "I don't want to kill the brute outright—though he deserve that much, an' more too. I'll gie 'im a dose, howsom-ever, as 'll keep 'im in-doors, an' out o' further mischief—as long as I'm likely to stay in this sogerin' neighbourhood. He han't got much o' a pieter to spoil, no how; or I'd make his ugly mug that his own mother wouldn't like to sweer to it. Next time he goo to play spy, or help others to do't eyther, he'll be apt to remember Gregory Garth. Won't he? A tydish bit o' a stick; and if I'd let them knots stay on, I shouldn't like to ha' answered for the skull case o' Mister Wull Walford, thick as it be. I dare say you'll do now?" continued he, addressing the stick. "Ha! theer's his paltry styel I hope the pig's in it."

Saying this, the speaker advanced stealthily a few paces, and then stopped to listen.

"Good!" he exclaimed, "the brute be inside. I hear his gruntin'. Dang seize it, it's a snore. They be all asleep in this Wapsey's Wood! Ah! I'll wake him out o' that, wi' a heigh an' a ho; and here goo to begin it!"

As he said this he started forward at a quick pace. He was soon inside of the hut, and standing over the prostrate form of the slumbering wood-chopper.

The latter was lying upon a low bed—the true truckle of the peasant's cottage: a stout structure of beechen timber, with short legs raising it about a foot from the floor.

The occupant of this coarse couch was upon his back, with legs and arms extended to their full length—as if he had been spread out on purpose to dry. But the liquid that had placed him in that attitude was not water. It was a fluid that had been administered internally; as could be told by the stone jar of Hollands that stood upon the floor, within reach of his hand; and which his uninvited visitor upon examination found to be empty.

"He's stolen it from the cellar o' Stone Dean," remarked the latter, after smelling the jar, and otherwise scrutinizing it.

"I know by the sniff o' the liquor it's that same; an' I could sweer to them Dutch bottles afere a full quorum o' justices. Poor Master Henry! He's not only been betrayed, but robbed, by this ugly rascal. Well, here goo to gie him his reward!"

As Garth uttered the words, he seized his fresh-cut cudgel; and was about to come down with it upon the carcase of the sleeper—when some thought suddenly stayed his hand.

"No!" he exclaimed; "I'll wake him first, and gie him a leetle o' my mind. If he ha' the feeling o' a human creetur, I'll first punish him i' the *moral way*—as the Vicar o' Giles's Chaffont 'ud call it."

"Hee, up!" he shouted aloud, poking the sleeper with the point of his stick. "Roust thee, thou sluggart! and see what time 'tis. Twelve by the sun if it's an hour. Hee up, I say!"

Another poke of the stick, administered still more sharply than before, like its predecessor, produced no effect—or only the slightest. The sleeper continued to snore; and only a low grunt declared his

consciousness of having been disturbed, though it seemed more the mechanical action of the cudgel, that had been thrust rather forcibly into the pit of his stomach.

"Hee up!" cried Garth, once more giving the sleeper a taste of the holly stick. "Rouse yerself, I say! If ye don't, I'll wallop you in your sleep. Roust! roust!"

At each summons the poke was repeated; but with no better success than before. The sleeper gave forth a series of spasmodic grunts; but still continued to snore on.

"But for his snorin', I'd think he wur gone dead," said Garth, desisting from his attempts to awake the sleeper. "If not dead, however, he be dead drunk. That's clear enough!"

"It be no use trying to wake him?" continued he, after appearing to reflect.

"And what's worse, 'twill be no use beatin' him in that state—the unfeeling brute as I may well call him. No—he wouldn't feel it no how. I moat as well strike my stick upon that there bundle o' faggots. It's danged disappointin'! What be the best thing to do wi' him?"

The footpad stood for a while reflecting; then continued:—

"'Twoant do to ha' tuk the trouble o' comin' here for nothin'—beside the cuttin' o' the cudgel. If I lay it into him now, he woan't feel it, till after he gets sober. That an't the sassisfaction I want. *I want to see him feel it.*"

Again the speaker paused to consider.

After a moment or two his eyes began to wander around the walls—as if some design had suggested itself; and he was searching for the means to carry it into execution.

Presently an object came under his gaze that appeared to fix it.

It was a coil of rope, or thick cord—that had been thrown over one of the couplings of the roof, and was hanging within reach of his hand.

"That be the best way, I take it," said he, resuming his soliloquy, "an' I dar say this 'll do. It appear a stoutish piece o' string," he continued, dragging the cord from off the coupling, and trying its strength between hand and heel. "Yes; it be strong enough to hold a bull on his back, let alone a pig like him; and just long enough to make four ties o't. It's the very identical."

Once more taking out his knife, he cut the cord into four nearly equal pieces. He then proceeded to carry out the design that had shaped itself in his mind; and which, judging by his satisfied air as he set about it, appeared as if it promised to extricate him from his dilemma.

The design was to strap the drunken man to his truckle; and leave him there—until his restoration to a state of sobriety should render him sensible of the chastisement which he, Garth, intended to return and administer.

As the woodchopper lay with arms and limbs stretched out to their full length, his inviting attitude appeared to have suggested this mode of dealing with him.

Chuckling over the work, with the quickness of an expert in the handling of ropes, the footpad now proceeded to the accomplishment of his easy task. In a few minutes' time, he had fastened the wrists and ankles of the unconscious sleeper to the truckles of his couch. Then, stepping back to take a survey, and standing with arms a-kimbo opposite his victim, he broke forth into a fit of uproarious laughter.

"An't he a beauty, as he lays theer?" said he, as if interrogating some unseen individual. "A reg'lar babe o' the wood! Only wants the Robin-redbreasts to kiver him wi' a scattering o' leaves! Now," continued he, apostrophising the unconscious captive, "you stay theer till I coom back! I dont say it 'll be inside the twenty-four hours; but if 'tan't, don't be impatient, an' fret yourself 'bout my coomin'. I've promised I'll coom; an' you may be sure o't. For the present, Master Walford, I'll bid you a good mornin'!"

Saying this, and placing his cudgel in a corner—where he might readily lay hands upon it again—he stepped forth from the hut; carefully closed the door behind him; and took the back track towards the cottage in which he had left the other inebriate—whom he now hoped to find in a more fit state for acting as co-partner in a plan he had partially conceived for the rescue of his patron.

CHAPTER LXXII.

It yet wanted some minutes of midnight, on that same day, when three individuals were seen issuing through the narrow doorway of Dick Dancey's cottage, and starting along the path towards Bulstrode Park.

They were two men and a woman—the last so shrouded in cloak and hood, that her age could not be guessed at, except from her little form and agile step—both proclaiming her to be young.

The cloak, of a deep crimson colour, was the property of Bet Dancey; and it was Bet's bold figure it enveloped.

Her companions were her own father and Gregory Garth.

As the narrow path prevented them from walking side by side, they proceeded in single file—the ex-footpad in the lead, Dancey close following upon his heels, and Bet bringing up the rear.

This arrangement was not favourable to conversation in a low tone of voice; and, as the errand, on which they were going abroad at that late hour of night, might be supposed to require secrecy, by a tacit understanding between them, all three preserved silence throughout the whole time they were passing along the forest path.

Wapsey's Wood was separated from the park by a tract of pasture, interspersed with patches of gorse and heather. Through this the path ran direct to a rustic stile—which permitted a passage over the palings. Inside the enclosure was a broad belt of heavy timber—oak, elm, and chestnut—through which the path continued on towards the dwelling.

It was the western wing of Sir Marmaduke's mansion that was thus approached; and, the timber once traversed, a portion of the buildings might be seen—those enclosing the courtyard at the back. The garden, with its fruit trees and ornamental shrubbery extended in this direction—though not the encircling wall. This, of the fashion of a moat, and sunk below the surface of the ground, was not visible from a distance.

After passing silently over the stile, the trio of night promenaders forsook the ordinary path; and kept on towards the house in a circuitous direction.

After traversing the belt of timber—with the same cautious silence as they had hitherto observed—they arrived upon its edge opposite the rear of the mansion,—at a point some hundred yards distant from the walls. There, as if by mutual agreement, they came to a stop—still keeping under the shadow of the trees.

If this precaution was for the purpose of concealment, it was superfluous: for the night was pitch dark—like that which had preceded it—and in the sky above there were similar indications of a storm. It was in effect a repetition of that electric gathering, that had disturbed the atmosphere on the previous night—to be in like manner dispersed by a deluge of rain.

Between the timber and the shrubbery that surrounded the dwelling, lay a piece of open pasture, with tall trees standing over it at wide intervals apart. Had it been daylight, or even moonlight, from the point where they had paused, a view of the dwelling house—comprising the buildings at the back, and a portion of its western facade—could have been distinctly obtained. As it was, they could only make out its sombre pile dimly outlined against the dark leaden canopy of the sky. At intervals, however, as the lightning darted from cloud to cloud, the walls and windows, glancing under its momentary glare, could be traced as distinctly as by day.

After arriving at their post of observation, the three individuals, who had come from Dancey's cottage, continued for a time to preserve a silence that spoke of some important design. The eyes of all three were turned towards the dwelling; and, as the electric blaze fell upon their faces, it disclosed features set in a serious expression.

No light could be seen in any of the windows looking westward; and, at that hour, it might have been supposed that the inmates of the mansion had all retired to rest. But there were also windows in the outbuildings; and faint lights flickering from one or two of these told, that, either some of the domestics of the establishment, or the soldiers quartered upon it, were still burning the midnight oil. The great gateway, that gave entrance into the courtyard, was visible from this side. When the lightning flashed, they could distinguish the huge oaken folding doors, and see that they were shut; but, while darkness was on, a tiny stream of yellowish light projecting through the aperture underneath, told, that a lamp was burning inside the archway behind it.

There was no sound to indicate that any one was stirring within the establishment. Occasionally a horse could be heard neighing in the stables—in answer to one that wandered over the pastures of the park—and a dog or two, taking their cue from the king of the domestic quadrupeds, would for some moments keep awake the hollow echoes of the courtyard with their resonant baying.

While Garth and his two coadjutors were still listening, the great clock—from the tower that overtopped the mansion—told the hour of twelve.

"Thee be quite sure, gurl," said the former, breaking silence, for the first time since leaving the domicile of Dancey, "thee be quite sure about the hour?"

"Quite sure," replied Bet, repeating the words of her interrogator. "He said twelve. He said he would be on guard all the night; but from twelve till two would be his turn as sentry over the prisoner. The room is just yonder, inside the gateway—where you see the light coming through."

"The old storeroom it be," put in Dancey. "I know it well. Many's the fat buck I have carried in there, afore Sir Marmaduke took a notion I stole his deer, an' gied me my discharge from lookin' after them. Gad! them were better times for Dick Dancey!"

"Did he say you was to come exact at twelve?" pursued Garth, without heeding the interpolation of the discharged keeper.

"No," replied Bet, "not exact at twelve, but soon after. He told me not to come near, until the guard had been changed awhile, and the other should go back into the courtyard."

"How war ye to know that?"

"He said he would set the lamp down upon the pavement, close to the big door. When I should see the light shining out at the bottom, I was to tap at the wicket, and he'd open it."

"Well, it be shinin' out at the bottom now; and has been for some time—before the clock struck. Is that the way he meant it?"

"No. There's a hole—where the cats go out and in. He's to put the lamp there."

"Ah; it han't been sot there yet. We must keep a sharp look out for't. 'Twon't do to lose a precious minnit. Thee be sure he sayed, he'd let thee speak wi' Master Henry?"

"He did; he promised me faithfully—I had to give him a promise."

"What did thee promise him, my girl?" demanded Dancey, in a serious tone.

"Oh, nothing much, father," replied Bet, "nothing much; considering what I did it for."

"Never mind your daughter, Dancey! She be old enough to take care o' herself. The gurl'll do what's right, I warrant her."

"Ay, and that wouldn't have been any good," pursued Bet, "he'd never have consented to let me in, but that he believes I'm sent by a great lady. I had to tell him that lie, God forgive me!"

"It be only a white lie, gurl," said Garth, in a tone of encouragement. "If every lie as be told were in as good a cause, they'd all be forgiven, I

dar say. Ho!" cried he, turning suddenly as he spoke, "yonner it be! The lamp's in the cat-hole!"

Under one of the folds of the great oaken door—conspicuous through the aperture already spoken of—a disc of dull yellowish light was visible; which on scrutiny could be seen to be burning inside a lamp of not very translucent glass. It was one of the common stable-lanterns of the establishment—now doing guard duty in the quarters of the cuirassier troop.

The signal was too marked to be mistaken.

The girl, on perceiving it, only waited for some further instructions—given in a hurried manner by her two companions; and which were but the impressive repetition of those already imparted, previous to their departure from the cottage.

As soon as she had received them, she drew her cloak closely round her; and, gliding across the piece of open pasture, stopped in front of the great gateway—inside of which was imprisoned the man, for whose sake she was about to risk moral shame, and perhaps personal punishment!

CHAPTER LXXIII.

The imprisoned patriot chafed under his confinement. Since his arrival he had been treated as a criminal—housed and fed, as if he had been a criminal already convicted.

There was no furniture in the small apartment in which he had been locked up. Only some articles of storage and lumber, but neither chair, table, nor bed. A rough bench was the substitute for all these. On this he sate, sometimes reclined. He did not often change from one attitude to the other—on account of the difficulty attending the operation: for like a felon was he also bound. His wrists were crossed behind his back, and held tightly tied; while as an additional security against any attempt to escape, his ankles were lashed together by a piece of splicing rope.

He was making no effort to free himself. The thing appeared hopeless. Even could he have got rid of his fastenings, there was a locked door with a sentry all the time standing, or pacing, outside.

Though keenly feeling the indignity thus put upon him—and sensible of the great danger in which his life was now placed—there were other thoughts that were even more bitter for him to bear.

Marion Wade was the object of these reflections—she, and her white gauntlet. Not that one, he had himself so proudly worn; but its fellow, he had seen set so tauntingly on the helmet of the cuirassier captain.

During all the first day of his imprisonment—which had appeared of endless length—as well as during the hours of the night already passed—scarcely for a moment had his mind been able to escape from that harassing thought.

Notwithstanding his efforts to repudiate the suspicion—despite that reckless disavowal of it before Scarthe himself—he could not hinder its recurrence. A hundred times did he ask himself the questions: whether Scarthe had come surreptitiously

by the glove? Or whether it had been freely given him—a love-token, like his own?

No more could he prevent the painful form of conjecture which rose in reply to the latter question—and only to the latter—"It is possible—quite possible."

Naturally followed the thought, "Was it probable?" Over and over did Henry Holtspur review the various circumstances that had occurred between himself and Marion Wade; from the hour when riding listlessly along the forest road, he had been startled into a quick surprise at the sight of her peerless beauty—a surprise as rapidly changing into admiration. Then the after encounters upon the same road—which might have appeared accidental to any other mind than one quickened with love—and the dropping of the gauntlet, that might have been deemed a thing of chance, but for the after-interview, and confession that it was *design*. And those wild speeches, that had passed between them—were they not vows, springing from the profoundest depths of the soul? And had she not, on that same occasion, made to him a complete surrender of her heart—as he to her? If words were to be believed, he had won the heart of Marion Wade. How could he doubt it?

He could, and did. Not that she had spoken love words to him, and listened to his, with apparent complaisance. He could not doubt that—unless under the belief that he had been dreaming. His uncertainty was of a different character—far more unpleasant. It was the suspicion that Marion Wade could give love-looks, speak love-words, and drop love-tokens at pleasure! That which she had done to him she might do to another? In short, he had given way to the suspicion: *that she had been coquetting with him!*

Of all the pangs that passion may inflict upon the heart of man, this is the most poignant. Love, unrequited, stings sharply enough; but when it has been promised requital—caressed to full fervour, and deluded by a pseudo-reciprocation—afterwards to have its dust-bedimmed eyes opened to the delusion—then indeed does jealousy become what it has been the fashion to call it—a *monster*.

There is no cruelty to be compared with that of the coquette.

Was Marion Wade one of this class? A hundred times did Holtspur ask the question. A hundred times did he repudiate the suspicion; but alas! as often did a voice speaking within his soul give forth the painful response:—

"It is possible."

Aye, and probable too. So imagined he, more than once.

Perhaps its probability was more conceivable to the mind of Henry Holtspur, from a sad experience of woman's deceitfulness, that had clouded the sky of his early life—just at that period when the sun of his fortune was ascending towards its zenith.

"Surely," said he—for the twentieth time indulging in the conjecture, "they must know that I am here? They cannot help knowing it. And she? No message from her—not one word of inquiry!

I could not be more neglected in a dungeon of the Inquisition. Is it that they are hindered—forbidden all communication with me? I would fain believe it so. They cannot have so suddenly abandoned a friendship, that, though only of yesterday, promised to be continual? Why do they, all at once, thus coldly turn from me? Scarce can I believe it so.

"And yet what have men not done—what will they not do, to stand clear of the ruin that threatens to fall? It may be that one and all of them have repudiated me—she, too, disclaiming the connexion that would now only disgrace her?"

"Ah! perhaps at this hour—on the other side of these massive walls—there is a scene of gaiety, in which all are taking part—both the family and its guests? Perhaps at this moment she may be gayest and happiest of all? Her new fancy seated by her side—whispering into her ears soft honeyed speeches—beguiling her with those words of wickedness, whose usage he too well understands? And she, all the while, smiling and listening? Oh!"

The final exclamation was uttered in a groan—betraying how painful was the picture, which the prisoner's jealous fancy had conjured up.

The clock tolled the hour of twelve, in solemn, lugubrious tones—too consonant to the spirit of him who listened to them.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

There was one under the same roof, with whose spirit the tones of that lugubrious bell were equally in consonance—one who was also listening to it; and who, for a long while, had been impatiently waiting to hear that clock proclaim its midnight monotone.

This one was Marion Wade.

She was in her sleeping chamber, and alone. She had been there for hours; but still her couch remained unpressed. The silken coverlet lay smoothly over the pillow of down, without any sign of having been upturned. Nor was there in the appearance of the occupant of the chamber aught that would have indicated an intention of retiring to that luxurious place of repose.

On the contrary, she was equipped as if for a journey—at all events as if she intended going forth into the open air. A dark velvet cloak of large dimensions completely shrouded her figure; while her head was enveloped in a hood, which, by means of its draw-string, almost concealed her countenance, at the same time covering those luxuriant locks, like streams of molten gold, that gave a sort of divine character to her beauty.

Had her face been seen at that moment, it would have appeared pale—that is, paler than its wont: for the cheeks of Marion Wade could never have shown colourless. Even in death one might have fancied they would preserve that roseate hue which, like a halo, seemed constantly suspended over her countenance.

Her eyes more truthfully told the tale. They

were swollen, and scarce dried of recent tears. Only one had seen them fall. Only one—her cousin Lora—knew why Marion Wade had been weeping. She had kept her chamber all the day—with Lora as her companion; but long before midnight, the latter had been desired to withdraw, and leave her alone. Lora had not been made the sharer of all her thoughts. There was one she had kept to herself.

Sad had been the spectacle of that morning. The man she loved—worshipped with all the warm wild fervour of her maiden heart—that man a prisoner in the power of a cruel and vindictive enemy—paraded before all the world—before herself—as a captured criminal—dragged along by a guard of vagabond soldiers—disgraced—no, not disgraced, for such treatment could not bring disgrace upon a noble patriot—but in danger of his life!

And yet it was not this that had drawn from the eyes of Marion Wade those hot, scalding tears! It was not this which had caused her to faint and fall upon the floor. Alas! no. Both the tears and the syncope had a different origin than the sight of Henry Holtspur in bonds. They were not tears of sympathy; but of bitterness—springing from the fountain of Love, that had become defiled with jealousy. They could be traced to the sight of those flowers, borne upon the beaver of the Black Horseman. The faded blossoms had been seen; and, in Marion's false fancy, had been recognised. To think he should be wearing them, and at such a time! In the hour of his distress: as if to sanctify them by a greater regard!

It was this thought that had momentarily deprived Marion Wade of her senses.

She had recovered these; but not along with them her tranquillity of spirit. To her that day had been one of fearful reflections. Every hour had its chapter of stinging thoughts—every minute its miserable emotion. Love and jealousy—sympathy and spite—had alternated all day long; each in turn holding possession of her tortured soul.

It was now the hour of midnight, and the wicked passions had succumbed; the virtuous emotions had triumphed. Love and sympathy were in the ascendant! Marion Wade was upon the eve of accomplishing a design, that would prove, not only the depth of her love, but its unselfishness.

It has been deemed strange that two individuals should conceive the same thought at the same instant of time. Those who are skilled in psychology, will not be surprised by such coincidence. Like circumstances produce like results, in the world of mind, as in that of matter; and an instance may be found in the similar idea conceived at the same time by Marion Wade and Bet Dancey—a lady of high rank, and a lass of low degree.

Both were in love with the same man—Henry Holtspur, the prisoner. Both had bethought them of a plan for his delivery; and if there was anything singular, it was, that their schemes were in almost exact correspondence.

The velvet-hooded cloak in which was shrouded

the face and form of Marion Wade, had been put on with the same design as that garment of somewhat similar shape, but coarser fabric, that concealed the figure of Dick Dancey's daughter.

Both were bent upon the one errand.

There may have been some difference as to the means and hopes directed towards its accomplishment; but none as to the time intended for its trial. Both had chosen the hour of midnight.

Neither was this an accidental coincidence. No more than Bet Dancey, had Marion Wade trusted entirely to chance. During the day she had made her inquiries, and resolved upon her measures. Through the medium of a confidential maid—an old acquaintance of the soldier Withers—she had ascertained, that the latter would be on post over the prisoner from twelve till two at night. She had learnt, moreover, some things about the character and disposition of this trustworthy individual—leading her to believe that he would not prove an exception to the general rule of mankind; and that gold would overcome his scruples—if administered in sufficient quantity. For this sufficiency had Marion provided.

Even without regard to these considerations, the hour of midnight was one that might have been chosen on its own account. All the dwellers within the mansion—as well as its stranger guests—would be then asleep; and there would be less chance of her design being discovered or interrupted.

It was a mere accident that caused a difference of some ten minutes of time, between the arrival of his two deliverers at the door of Holtspur's prison; and in this the lass obtained the advantage over the lady.

At the moment when Bet Dancey was standing before the great gateway, Marion Wade was stealing softly from her chamber to make her way in darkness down the winding staircase, and along the silent halls and corridors of the paternal mansion.

CHAPTER LXXV.

After arriving in front of the wicket, Bet Dancey paused for some minutes—partly to recover her breath—lost in the hurried traverse across the piece of pasture—and partly to strengthen her resolution towards the effort she had undertaken.

Bold as was the heart of the forest maiden, it was not without misgivings at that moment. Might not the soldier have summoned her thither to betray her? Might he not have contrived some design to get her within his power? Perhaps accuse her of treason to the king; or, by the threat of such accusation, endeavour to procure her compliance with some proposals he had already half-hinted to her?

On the other hand, these proposals were not exactly of an insulting nature. There had been a certain degree of soldierly honour in the intercourse that had passed between herself and Withers—for Withers it was who had invited her to share his hours of guard.

She had slightly known the young man, previous

to his enlistment into the corps of cuirassiers; and although he had since passed through a *malignant* school, she could scarcely believe him so bad as those with whom he was associating.

At that crisis, however, it mattered little how bad he might be. She had gone too far to think of withdrawing from the danger. She was too near the man she loved—with the full fierce ardour of her outcast heart—too near to go back, without making an effort to see, and, if possible, assist him. As the thought of his danger came once more before her mind, she threw aside all regard for consequences; and advancing with fearless step, she tapped gently but resolutely at the door.

Close succeeding the signal, the tread of a trooper's boots was heard measuring the pavement inside, and with a footfall that denoted caution. Some one was approaching the wicket.

On reaching the door, the sound ceased; and the wicket was opened with a silence that bespoke expectancy, on the part of him who drew back the bolt.

Very different from the salutation of a sentry—the bold *brusque* “Who goes there?”—was the soft whisper that fell upon the ears of the person claiming admission.

“Is it you, sweet Betsey?” asked the soldier; and then, without waiting for a verbal answer to his mechanical interrogatory, he continued: “Come in, dear girl! I have been so longing for twelve o'clock, I thought it would never strike up there. I believe the old timekeeper's out o' time. It an't often I'm so weary for my turn of the night guard. Come in!”

The girl having got over the slight shiver of timidity, that had temporarily possessed her, accepted the invitation; and, stepping over the threshold of the wicket, stood inside the arched entrance that formed the passage between the great gate and the courtyard beyond.

This passage was only illuminated by the lamp; which, from its position at the bottom of the door—where it had been placed to effect the preconcerted signal, gave out but a feeble light. As Withers, at that moment, had no wish for a better, the lamp was allowed to remain where he had set it.

There was enough light proceeding from it to show the side door which conducted into the store-room—the improvised prison of Henry Holtspur—which was the chief point the sentry had been instructed to guard. Upon this door the eyes of his visitor became directed, as soon as she had entered under the archway; and to it constantly kept returning—despite the efforts of Withers to attract them towards himself.

The lover could not help observing the air of abstraction with which his supposed sweetheart listened to his protestations of love. He also noticed her glance repeatedly directed towards the door of the store-room, with an eagerness that caused him some chagrin; though he was only annoyed, that so little attention was being paid to his own blandishments.

Had he suspected the true cause of Bet Dancey's indifference, the door of Holtspur's prison would not have turned upon its hinges that night—at least not during Withers' *tour* of guard.

“Come, Mistress Betsey,” said he, in his endeavours to attract a greater share of the girl's attention. “Don't talk about that affair just yet. You can deliver your message to the gentleman by-and-by. 'Twon't take long, I suppose?”

“Only a minute;” replied Bet, “and that's just why I want to have it over.”

“Ah! that,” said Withers, beginning to flatter himself that his sweetheart was only impatient to get through with the more disagreeable part of her errand, and have it off her hands. “Ah! well; of course, Mistress Betsey —”

“You know,” interrupted the girl, one should always do the most important part of their business first?

“Bah!” muttered Withers, “*that* an't the most important; leastwise, not to you or to me. Let it stand over a bit.”

“Oh, no, no!” answered Betsey with increasing impatience. “If the lady who sent me only knew that I was trifling in this way, there *would* be a trouble. I'd not get the reward she has promised me. You can't believe how impatient she'll be, till she hears the answer I'm to take back to her!”

“Oh! bother *her* impatience! Let her wait, charming Betsey!”

“Nay, Master Withers. Listen to reason. Suppose it was you who were in prison; and some one wanted to hear from you—myself, for instance. Would you say ‘let her wait,’ then? I pray you, don't detain me now: you can see me to-morrow. Come to the cottage; and stay as long as you like. Father will be from home; and you may talk as much nonsense as you have a mind to.”

“Well, sweet Betsey, I agree to that,” said her suitor, evidently gratified at the pretty programme thus traced out for him, “I agree to that. But you must give me a kiss before you go in; and promise me another as you're coming out.”

“With all my heart!” readily responded the representative of Maid Marian, “You're welcome to a kiss. Take it.”

And, without waiting for Withers to fling his arms around her, or even meet her half way, she stretched forward and pressed her protruded mouth against the rough cheek of the trooper!

“There now!” was the ejaculation that accompanied the loud smacking noise made by the contact of her lips, “will that satisfy you?”

“No, dear Betsey; nor a hundred thousand of the same. With such sweetness a man would never be satisfied; but always wantin' more. Ah! they may talk about them girls in Flanders. Gi' me the kiss o' a genuine English lass.”

“All flattery! Come now! keep your promise; if you expect me to keep mine, when I come out again.”

“I'll do it, sweet; but hark'ee. Don't make no noise inside. If the corporal should come round, and find what's goin' on, he'd change me from being

a sentry to a prisoner—in less time than it 'ud take to tell what's o'clock. Ah! now; one more afore you go in?"

The girl, without hesitation, a second time delivered her cheek to be kissed by the ready lips of her soldier lover; and then—muttering something like a promise to permit more than one repetition of the dose when she should come out again—the storeroom door was opened to her; and, without further interruption, she was admitted within the precincts of Holtspur's prison.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Inside his silent and solitary cell, Holtspur had heard the clock striking the hour of twelve.

It was the twelve of midnight.

"I wish it were twelve of to-morrow's noon," soliloquized he, as the tolling ceased. "If I have correctly interpreted the conversation I overheard this morning, ere that hour I shall be far from this place. So; the Tower is to be my destination. After that—after that—the block! Why fear I to pronounce the word? I may as well look it boldly in the face: for I know that the vengeance of that vile woman—that has pursued me half my life—will be satisfied with nothing less than my head. It is her hand I recognize in this—her hand that penned the postscript to that despatch; or, at all events, her head that dictated it.

"I wish it were the hour to depart hence. There can be no dungeon in the Tower so terrible as this—on one side of the wall hell, on the other Paradise. I can think only of Paradise where she is present. She so dear to me—so near to me—almost breathing the same atmosphere; and yet oblivious of my existence! Perhaps—

"Ha! some one stirring outside? The sentry talking to some one! 'Tis the voice of a woman! One of the domestics of the mansion, who has stolen forth to exchange the day's gossip with the guard? 'Tis a late hour for the girl to be gadding; but perhaps 'tis the hour of her choice? I can envy this wench, and her soldier sweetheart their easy opportunities. Perhaps equally to be envied is the free and easy fashion, with which they enter upon a love affair, and escape out of it? With them there is no such terrible contingency as a broken heart! To-morrow he may be gone; and the day after she will be as gay as ever!

"How different with a passion like mine! Absence can have no effect upon it. Not even the terrors of the Tower can bring it to a termination. It will end only under the axe of the executioner—if that is to be my fate.

"These gossips are getting nearer the door. Though they are talking in a low tone, I might hear what they say, by placing my ear to the keyhole. I have no inclination to make myself the depository of their coarse love secrets; but perhaps I may hear something of myself, or of her! Either makes it worth my while to play eavesdropper."

The prisoner rose from his seat; and succeeded in getting himself into a erect attitude; but all at

once he sank back upon the bench; and only by adroitly balancing his body did he save himself from falling upon the floor.

"By the good St. Vitus!" he exclaimed, rather amused at his misadventure, "I had forgotten that my feet were not free. After all, what I would hear might not be worth the effort. I'll leave them to keep their secrets—whatever they be—to themselves."

So resolving, he resumed his old attitude upon the bench—silent, though, as before, listening.

By this, the speakers had approached nearer the door; and their words could be distinguished inside the storeroom.

"So!" resumed Holtspur, after listening for a short while; "lovers, as I conjectured. He talks of kissing her! I can hear that word above all the others. Ho! they are pressing against the door! What? Surely the key turns in the lock? Can they be coming in?"

The question was answered by the unlocking of the door; which upon the next instant turned silently upon its hinges, until it stood half open. Against the glimmer of the lamp outside Holtspur could dimly distinguish two forms—one of them that of a woman.

The male figure was the nearer one; though that of the woman was close behind it.

On opening the door, the sentry had thrust his head inside the room—but evidently without any design of introducing his body.

"Are you sleepin', Master?" said he, speaking in a tone that did not seem unkindly, and only a little louder than a whisper.

"No," replied the prisoner, answering the man frankly, and imitating the cautious style of interrogation which the latter had employed.

"All right, then!" said the sentry, "there be a lady here as wants to have a word with ye; and as I suppose ye don't want to do your talkin' i' the dark, I'll lend you my lamp for a bit. But don't make your di'logue a long un: for there be danger in what I'm doin'."

So saying, the trooper turned back into the archway, for the purpose of fetching his lamp; while the woman, pushing past him, stepped inside the room.

As the phrase, "there be a lady," fell from the lips of the sentry, the heart of Henry Holtspur heaved wildly within his bosom. Sweet thoughts welled up at the word.

Could he have been mistaken in believing this midnight visitor a domestic of the mansion? *Might it not be its mistress?*

In the dim light he saw a woman closely wrapped in hood and cloak. In that guise, it might be either peasant or princess. The figure was tall, upright, commanding. Such would be that of Marion Wade.

Holtspur's fond fancy was destined to a short indulgence. The lamp was passed through the half-opened door; and set upon a stool that stood near. Its glare fell upon the visitor—lighting up a crimson cloak—lighting up features of a gipsy type, with dark, flashing eyes—beautiful features, it is

true, but far different from the divine countenance of Marion Wade.

It was not she. Only Maid Marian!

Holtspur's glance suddenly changed character on recognizing the daughter of the deerstealer. Perhaps it was well for him—for both—that she did not note the chagrin perceptible upon his features after this change. The obscure light of the lamp hindered the girl from having a chagrin, equal, if not greater, than his.

"Mistress Betsey!" he exclaimed, on recovering from the first flutter of his disappointment. "You here. What has brought you to my prison?"

"Hush!" ejaculated the girl, moving rapidly forward from the door—which the sentry had taken the precaution to shut behind him—"Speak only in whispers! I've come to save you—to get you out from this place."

"But how? 'Tis not possible, I fear. The door is watched—the sentry is still outside? I could not go forth without being seen."

"You will be seen—that's true. But it won't matter a bit. If you'll follow my directions, you'll get out without being stopped. Father and Master Garth planned it all, before we left home. They are waiting for you on the edge of the wood—up the hill, put behind the house."

"Ah! a plan for me to escape! What is it, my brave girl?"

"You're to take my cloak. It's a long one; and will reach nigh down to your feet; but, for fear it wouldn't, I brought an extra skirt along with me. Here it is."

And as Bet said this, she whipped the cloak from her shoulders—disclosing at the same time a skirt of some kind of coarse stuff, which she had been carrying under her arm. "Now, sir! on with them as quick's you can; for *he* may get impatient and come in."

"What!" exclaimed Holtspur, whose surprise at the proposal was only equalled by his admiration of her who had made it. "And do you mean that I am to pass out, disguised in your garments, and leave you here?"

"Of course I do. What other way is there? We can't both go out. He'd stop you for a certainty; and me too, maybe, for trying to get you away. You must go out alone."

"And leave you behind—to be punished for aiding me to escape? No, generous girl! I had rather die, than do so."

"Oh, sir! don't talk in that foolish way. Pray go as I've told you. Have no fear for me. They can't do much to a girl that's got nothing to lose. Besides, I don't feel much afeerd, but I'll get him to pass me out afterwards. It'll be no good his keeping me in. That won't save him from whatever they may do to him."

The *him* thus pointedly alluded to, was the amorous sentry, who was just then heard passing to and fro upon his round, with a step that denoted impatience.

"Oh, sir, go! I beg of you go—or—I—we may never see you again."

There was a tone of sadness in the entreaty, which Holtspur could hardly have failed to notice; but the appeal itself had shaken his resolution to remain. From what she had said, he saw that in all probability the girl would get clear, or with some slight punishment. Perhaps she might succeed in deceiving the sentry still further, and escape without trouble? Holtspur knew she was clever and quick-witted.

"Never fear for me, sir!" said she, as if interpreting his thoughts. "I can manage *him*. He'll do what I want him; I know he will."

"If I thought that—"

"You may think it;" responded she, at the same time cutting the cords that bound the prisoner, "you may. Leave him to me. Now, sir, the cloak—no, the skirt first—that's the way to fix it. Now the cloak. Here, put your head into the hood—draw it well over your face. That'll do. When you go out, don't stop to speak to him. He'll want to kiss you—I know that; but you must keep straight on to the door. The wicket is on the latch. When you get outside you can run fast as you like, to the trees at the top of the hill. There you'll find father with your own man, Master Garth. It's dark as pitch outside. I'll keep the lamp here till you get through the passage—I defy him to tell it isn't me—if you don't let him kiss you. Don't do that; but pass him as quick as you can. Now you're ready; go!"

This long chapter of directions was spoken more rapidly than it can be read; and as the final word was uttered, Bet Dancey had succeeded in disguising the prisoner. She herself retained her complete dress—the only part of her that was now uncovered being her head and shoulders.

Holtspur gazed for a moment upon the generous, beautiful maiden; and with a glance that told of tenderness. She might have mistaken it for a look of love. Alas!—for her sake, alas—it was only the gaze of gratitude.

At that moment the sentry struck his halbert slightly against the door—as if summoning them to a separation.

"Coming, Master Withers! I'm coming," said Bet, placing her lips close to the keyhole, "you may open the door, and let me out."

The bolt was turned quick at the words. Withers was longing for that promised kiss. The door was reopened; and the cloaked figure passed out into the darkness.

Withers closed the door behind it—without going inside for his lamp. He did not desire a light just then, nor the delay of getting one. He could return for the lamp at any time—after that pleasant occupation in which he anticipated engaging himself.

He only waited to secure the bolt against any chance of the prisoner's attempting to escape. This occupied him scarce ten seconds of time; but short as was the delay, it lost him his kiss.

As he turned round after locking the door, he heard the click of the wicket latch, and the moment after saw the cloaked form of his supposed sweetheart outlined in the opening. In another instant

she had passed out, slamming the wicket behind her!

Thinking there might still be a chance of securing the kiss, he ran on to the front entrance; and, re-opening the door, stepped briskly outside.

"Confound the vixen!" he muttered, as he stood peering into the darkness; "I b'lieve she be clear gone away? Mistress Betsey! where are you, girl? Come back and keep your promise!"

As he made this appeal he fancied he saw the cloaked form some score of yards out in front of the gateway—where it mysteriously disappeared as if sinking into the earth!

Neither his interrogatory nor the appeal met with any response. From the low tone in which he spoke, it was unlikely that any one had heard him. He dared not call aloud—lest his voice might summon the guard from the courtyard inside.

"Confound the vixen!" he once more muttered; "she be gone for certain, and tricked me out o' that kiss."

"It an't so much matter, after all," continued he, making an effort at self-consolation, "I can make up for it the morrow, by taking as many as I want. She's afeerd to keep the lady waiting—whoever *she* be—and not getting the shiners that's been promised her. She's right, maybe. She knows she'll see me again; so let her go."

And as the sentry finished this consolatory soliloquy, he turned back into the arched entrance—with the intention of recovering his lamp, that had been left in the apartment of the prisoner.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

While proceeding along the passage, it occurred to Withers that he had left the wicket ajar behind him. With this and the door of the storeroom open at the same time, there might be danger of the prisoner making his escape. He knew that the latter was fast bound, both hand and foot; but, by his soldiering experience, he had known more than one captive to escape from such fastenings.

To make safe, therefore, he now turned back toward the wicket—with the intention of closing it.

As he stood holding the door in his hand, a thought influenced him to look once more into the darkness. Perhaps, after all, Betsey might come back? Her running away might have been only a frolic on her part—meant merely to tease him? He would take another look out at any rate. There could be no harm in that.

With this resolve he remained, holding the door half open, and peering out into the darkness. He had been thus occupied, scarce ten seconds of time, when an object appeared before his eyes that elicited from him a series of joyful ejaculations. It was the figure of a woman wrapped in hood and cloak, seen coming round an angle of the building, and evidently advancing towards the spot where he stood. Who could it be but Betsey?

"Good!" cried Withers. "She had not gone after all. That's her comin' back round the corner o' the house. 'Tan't the way I thought she went

off; but I must ha' been mistaken. Yes; she it be—cloak, hood, and all! I might ha' knowed she would'nt go without gettin' the kiss. I'm glad on't. A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush any day."

As the soldier thus congratulated himself on the return of his sweetheart—and was chuckling over the near prospect of that promised embrace—the cloaked figure arrived in front of the gateway, and stopped within a few paces of him.

"I thought you were gone, and had given me the slip, Mistress Betsey," said he, stepping a pace forward to get nearer to her. "It's very kind o' you to come back. Why; you look as if you were frightened. Don't be scared to come near me. Come up now, an' gi' me the kiss you promised. Come lass!"

He was about opening his arms to offer what he supposed would be a welcome embrace; when at that moment the lightning gave forth a vivid flash, disclosing in the figure before him, not the crimson cloaked peasant-girl, from which he had so lately parted, but a lady richly enrobed in silk, satin, and velvet!

On the slender white fingers that, protruding from the cloak, held the hood closed over her chin, he had seen, under the electric light, the sheen of sparkling jewels!

There was no mistaking the style of the personage that had thus presented herself. Beyond doubt, some grand dame—a "lady of the land."

At the sight, the surprised sentry gave way to a series of very natural reflections. "It be the one as sent Betsey? Sure it be! She's grow'd impatient, and come herself. I suppose *she'll* want to go in, and see him too. Well, for a kiss, I don't mind lettin' her; though I'd rather 't had been Betsey."

"Good night, sir!" said the lady speaking in a tone that courted conciliation.

"The same to yourself, madame!" rejoined the soldier, putting on his most courteous air; "May I be so bold as to ask your errand? It be a dark night for a fine lady to be abroad; and late too!"

"If I mistake not," said she, without heeding the interrogatory, "you are Withers?"

On putting this question, she approached a little nearer to the sentry—as she did so, drawing her jewelled hand within the cloak, and letting the hood fall back from her head. Her beautiful face would have been visible, but for the absence of light; and, trusting to this, she had no fear of recognition.

"Withers, madame! William Withers; that be my name at your service."

"Thanks, Master Withers, for saying at my service: for in truth I want you to do me a service."

"Name it, fair lady!" gallantly challenged the young cuirassier.

"You are on guard over a prisoner. I need not say who that prisoner is: since I believe there is but one. I want to see him. 'Tis on very important business."

"Oh! I understand," said Withers, looking superlatively wise.

"I want only a word with him. You can give me the opportunity?"

"Certain I can," replied the sentry, if you "think it be necessary for *you* to see him."

"Oh! sir, it is necessary!"

"Well, I didn't know that. I thought the message you sent by the girl would be enough. *She's* been and seen him, and gone again. You han't met her I suppose?"

"Met her! Whom?"

"Why the young girl you sent to speak with the prisoner."

"I—I—sent no one."

These monosyllabic words were pronounced with a choking utterance that betrayed some unpleasant emotion.

"O-ah!" said the sentry, speaking to himself, "there's another then that has private business with my prisoner. Hang the fellow! All the fine ladies in the land appear to be after him. Well, I won't make fish o' one and flesh o' other. This un shall have her chance as well as the one that sent Betsey; and as she's come herself, instead o' doin' it by deputy, she deserves to have it."

"I say, mistress," continued he, once more addressing himself to the lady. "I have no objection to your going inside a minute—if ye promise not to make it long."

"Oh! I promise it, good Withers! You shall not go unrewarded. Take this in return for your generous kindness."

At these words, the same jewelled hand reappeared outside the foldings of the velvet—this time with its palm held upward. Another gleam just then illumined the atmosphere—enabling the sentry to perceive the bounteous bribe thus offered to him. The outstretched hand was covered with coins—as many as could lie upon its little palm. Surely it was not the electric light that had given to them their yellow tint? No. Withers could not be mistaken. The coins were gold!

Without saying a word, he held out his own huge hand till it touched the delicate fingers of the lady; and then, allowing the pieces of gold to slip into its capacious palm, he at once transferred them to the pockets of his doublet.

"Your hand, mistress, for another purpose," said he, holding his own out to take it; and as the slender fingers were tremblingly deposited in his, he stepped sideways inside the wicket, leading the lady after him.

In this fashion, they traversed the dark archway—until they had reached the entrance to the storeroom.

The sentry once more turned the key in the lock; and, as before, pushed the door partially open. "Here master!" said he, again directing his voice into the room, but without going in himself; "here's another feminine come to speak with you; and I beg you won't be so long about it, as you were before. Now, mistress! Go in! you'll find the gentleman inside."

So saying, he handed the lady over the threshold;

closed and locked the door behind her; and walked back towards the wicket—partly to see whether Bet Dancey might not still be lingering outside; but also with the idea of submitting his treasure to the test of another flash of the lightning, and ascertaining, to a certainty, that the coins were gold!

CHAPTER LXXVII.

It is not necessary to say that the second visitor, to the cell of the imprisoned patriot, was Marion Wade.

Had the lamp remained where the sentry had first set it, she could not have been a second within the store-room, without discovering who was its occupant. As it was, a short interval elapsed before she became aware of the strange transformation that had taken place in the *personnel* of the prison.

On hearing the key turning in the lock, the substitute of Henry Holtspur—believing it to be a visit of inspection on the part of the guard corporal—or some similar intrusion—had suddenly snatched the lamp from off the stool, and placed it in a less conspicuous position—behind some lumber in a corner of the room.

The result was to make that part occupied by herself, almost as obscure as if no light was in the room; and the girl, who had glided back to the bench, and taken her seat upon it, might easily have been mistaken for a man—for Henry Holtspur!

And for him did Marion mistake her. It was under this belief, that she made that timid and trembling approach; and this it was that caused her voice to quiver, as she faltered forth his name.

The voice that made response, at once dispelled the delusion. It was not that of Henry Holtspur—which would have been known to Marion Wade, despite the obscurity that surrounded her. It was not the voice of any man: it was a woman's!

Before the lady could recover from her surprise, the figure of a woman—tall as her own—was seen rising erect from the bench; then stepping forth from the shadowed corner of the room—until the face was conspicuously displayed under the light of the lamp.

Marion Wade recognized that countenance, as one that had often, too often, disturbed her dreams. It was Bet Dancey who had thus unexpectedly confronted her!

The short, sharp scream that escaped from the lips of the lady, expressed an emotion stronger than surprise. It comprehended that, and far more. She who had uttered it, comprehended all!

This was the girl who had been sent to Henry Holtspur? Who sent her? No one. She had come on her own errand. *She* had come, and *he* was gone! She had rescued him by remaining in his place!

These thoughts followed one another so rapidly, as almost to be simultaneous. They had all passed through the mind of Marion Wade, before a word

was exchanged between herself and the rival who stood before her.

The latter, with equally quick comprehension, interpreted the presence of the lady in that apartment. She had come in the same cause as herself; though too late for a like success. Not a doubt had Bet Dancey that the lady in the dark velvet cloak had entered that room with the design of releasing the prisoner—just as she had herself done scarce ten minutes before.

She well knew who was her competitor in this self-sacrificing game. If the black hair and dark flashing orbs of Dick Dancey's daughter had disturbed the dreams of Marion Wade, so too had the golden tresses and blue beaming eyes of Sir Marmaduke's daughter more than once rendered uneasy the slumbers of the forest maiden.

The rivals stood face to face—Marion shrinking chagrined—Betsy bold, sneering, triumphant!

The latter spoke first.

"You've named the name of Henry Holtspur? He's not here, Mistress Marion Wade."

"I can perceive that, without your telling me," answered the proud daughter of Sir Marmaduke—who would not have spoken, had she not been piqued by the tone of the other.

"You expected to find him, didn't you?"

The lady hesitated to make reply.

"Of course you did; else why should you have come here? You intended to set him free; but you're too late, mistress. Henry Holtspur has friends who think as much of him as you—perhaps more. One of them, you see, has been before you."

"You mean yourself?"

Marion was constrained to put this question, by a thought that had suddenly occurred to her. She remembered the words of the sentry, who had spoken of "a girl being sent by a lady."

After all, was Bet Dancey only a messenger? and was there a real rival—one of her own rank—in the back ground?

This supposition would have to some extent been consolatory to the heart of the questioner. But even this slight hope was crushed, by an immediate reply to her interrogatory.

"A strange question that, Mistress Marion Wade; you see *me* here? You see I have risked my life to save his. Do you think I would do that for another—even if it were the queen herself—who I've heard likes him as much, as either you or me?"

"There's not much risk," replied Marion, irritated in spite of herself, by the insolent tone of her rustic rival. "To you, I should think, not much risk of anything."

"Indeed!" And to you—had you been in time to set him free?"

How then? Marion had turned her back, and was moving towards the door—to avoid the unpleasantness of any further parley with one whose words, as well as actions, had given her so much pain.

"Stay!" cried her tormentor, as if delighted to continue the conversation. "You appear disap-

pointed, at not having the chance to show your friendship for Henry Holtspur. You may do something yet, if you have a mind. I dare ye to take my place, and let *me* go out. If you do, I'll let him know what you've done the first time I see him. Now?"

"Away, girl! I decline your absurd proposition. I shall hold no further speech with you."

As the lady said this, she stretched forth her hand, and rapped against the door—making as much noise as her little fingers were capable of, and without any regard to the precautions with which she had been charged by the sentry.

Withers was waiting outside. The key turned quickly in the lock; and the door was once more opened.

Marion glided out of the store-room, and on through the wicket, without staying to speak a word of thanks. But she had thanked him in advance; and Withers, having by this time ascertained how profuse had been her golden gratitude, was so satisfied with his *douceur*, that, hastily turning the key, he rushed after her—not to plead for a promised kiss, but to show his respect by conducting her beyond the bounds of his own jurisdiction.

As the opened door of the prison permitted the lady to pass out, her rival, standing close behind, had half formed the resolution to rush after, and take her chance of escaping in the darkness and confusion.

But the quick re-locking of the door put the point beyond dispute; and Bet was compelled to go back to her bench—there to await the *eclaircissement*, that might be expected, when the deluded sentinel should return to the store-room in quest of his lanthorn.

To be continued.

THE DIAMOND.

From sandy streams in India's clime,
A pebble oft is brought
Which, valueless to trivial sight,
The practised eye has sought.

Unpolished, rough its outward form;
Yet, from the matrix there,
The diamond is brought to light
By lapidary's care!

Radiant as beauty's face unveiled,
Worthy her diadem,
Like dew-drops from the heavens distilled
Condensed into a gem:

Such is the Christian—he whom men
Would pass unheeded by,
And lightly scorn the precious gem,
Concealed from human eye.

But God his jewels can perceive,
Through wrapt in rudest guise;
And place them, freed from earthly dross,
Resplendent in the skies.

F. DRIVER.

DRUIDS AND BARDS.

SACRED BARDIC SYMBOL AND FESTIVALS.

As we read in a former short paper of last month, a poetic tradition, having its origin in the Deluge, was the foundation of the Bardic faith. Thus all rites and processions tended to keep the events of the flood in mind; and the renewal of the earth, after the subsiding of the waters, symbolised, it was believed, a progress and restoration towards a higher and purer moral condition. In the legendary story, which is so fancifully interwoven with sacred facts, the black beaver was marked as the final cause of the fearful inundation or deluge. He it was who pierced the dyke which supported the Great Lake; and having done this direful mischief, he went to the bottom, whence he was fished out by Hu the Mighty, and his famous oxen, the Ychain Banawg. So runs the legend; moreover, the beaver is said to build a house of two stories—one of which is in the water, and the other above the water—from whence he has egress to dry land; thus was the beaver regarded as a symbol.

During the month of May, an entire week was devoted to certain festive rites, all tending to show forth the supposed events of the Deluge. In the festival of the eve of May, they celebrated the praise of the Holy Ones, in the presence of the purifying fire, which was made to blaze on high. On the morning after the eve of May, when the song of the cuckoo convened the dance on the green, very gorgeous ceremonies commenced.

The sacred oxen, hunched, and of some peculiar breed, were stationed before a certain lake, whence they drew the shrine or ark from the holy island, through the shallow water, to the dry land. As the oxen accomplished this, the choir sung an ancient lay, still known to a few persons in Wales, imitating the lowing of oxen and rattling of chains.

A procession then moved on in the following order:—First, the divining Bard, bearing his magic wand; then 150 Bards, playing their harps; next the ark or shrine of Ceridwen, the supposed deified spouse of the mighty Hu, was borne aloft, and preceded by attendant priests. Then the Hierophant, —the Hierophant, who represented the Great Creator; one, bearing a torch who represented the sun; another, impersonating the moon. These were followed by a great company, their brows encircled with ivy, or ornamented with cornute caps, dancing and singing in cadence, announcing and surrounding the ear of the Diluvian God himself.

A mixed multitude of dancers and singers, some blowing crooked horns, others brandishing swords, which they dashed against their shields, while performing certain graceful and somewhat extravagant circular evolutions, closed this extraordinary but imposing procession.*

THE OAK, MISTLETOE, ETC.

We all know that the grove of oak was sacred among the Druids, but possibly we may not all

* Meyrick's costumes.

know that the principal tree received an especial consecration. When by universal consent the most beautiful tree was fixed upon, the Druids would cut off all its side branches, fixing two to the top of the trunk, so as to form with it the figure of a cross. Above and below where the branches were fixed, they cut in the bark of the tree the word *Thau* (God.)

Under this tree were performed their most sacred rites.

THE MISTLETOE.

The blossoms of the mistletoe appear within a few days of the summer solstice; the berries within a few days of the winter solstice. Thus, these indications marked the return of two principal seasons for holding Bardic conventions.

When the sacred rites were finished, the Ovydd, who might be a physician, took away the berries for medicinal purposes, for which it was held in high esteem and had in signal honour.

THE SELAGO, OR HEDGE-HYSSOP.

The selago, or hedge-hyssop, was also regarded with peculiar reverence, and was gathered by the Druids with infinite care and ceremony.

Nothing of iron was to approach it; neither was the bare hand to touch it. The gatherer was required to be washed in pure water, to be clothed in white, and to have his feet naked. Next he was to offer a sacrifice of bread and wine. And, finally, he was to gather the plant with the *right* hand covered with a vestment of some kind. The said vestment was esteemed holy, having been taken off some sacred person with the left hand only.

The plant, when thus gathered, was folded in a clean white cloth, and preserved by the Druids as a charm against all misfortunes.

The Druids, moreover, had a great esteem for the vervain (variety of the verben.) They used it in casting lots, and foretelling future events; also as a love-philter. It was to be gathered at the rise of the dog-star, without having been looked upon either by the sun or the moon—the earth, moreover, was to be propitiated by a libation of honey. In digging it up, the *left* hand was to be used; it was then to be waved in the air, and the stalk, roots, and leaves were to be separately dried in the shade. At feasts, the couches, &c., were sprinkled with water in which this plant had been infused.

HUMAN VICTIMS.

The Bardic system breathed nothing but—

“Peace on earth, and good will towards men.”

It was, indeed, an ancient patriarchal religion, and though in some degree intermingled with wild legends, it descended doubtless from the same fountain of light and truth, whence the still purer Gospel of Jesus Christ derived its source. The seemingly idolatrous rites of Bardism were probably but symbols of high and holy things of which we have lost the key. The charge made against them by their enemies, the Romans, of immolating human victims on their altars is a strange perversion of truth. When a criminal was condemned to

die, his execution, it is true, was made a religious act; thus the forfeiture of life was doubly invested with terror. The criminal died on the altar, not on the scaffold.

We learn from history how the Druids and Bards long braved the arms of the all-conquering Romans—how they took shelter in their last stronghold and favourite place of resort, the Island of Mona, or Anglesea.

The Roman historian, Tacitus, thus relates:—

"The shore of the island was lined with the hostile army, in which were women dressed in dark and dismal garments, with their hair streaming to the wind, bearing torches in their hands, and running like furies up and down the ranks. Around stood the Druids, with hands spread to heaven, and uttering dreadful prayers and imprecations. The novelty of the sight struck our soldiers with dismay, so that they stood as if petrified, a mark for the enemy's darts. At length, animated by the exhortations of their general, and encouraging one another not to fear an army of women and fanatics, they advanced upon the enemy, bore down all before them, and involved them in their own fires. The troops of the enemy were completely defeated, a garrison placed in the island; and the groves, which had been the consecrated scenes of the most barbarous superstitions, were levelled with the ground.

"It had been their practice to sacrifice on the altars prisoners taken in war, and to divine the pleasure of their gods by inspecting human entrails."—*Tacit. Annal.*, xiv. 29.

The picture which the celebrated Roman historian presents is intended to inspire horror and disgust, and with many it has done so; but those who look below the surface may discover that those fathers of our ancient British race were men noted alike for their wisdom and their virtues.

They were the faithful friends, the guides, the counsellors, the benefactors of the people. Their lessons inculcated every generous sentiment, and pointed to every manly virtue. And, at last, they died by the side of their altars, and in the midst of their faithful followers.

BARDISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Though torn and discomfited, Bardism was not yet utterly extinguished—a system so deep-rooted could not easily be destroyed by one blow, however mighty. The Romans, to their credit be it spoken, turned against the faith they hated, a fairer and more formidable weapon. The schools and academies which they instituted tended greatly to undermine the system. Bardism, never openly tolerated by the Romans, was by degrees secretly connived at—in after years the introduction of Christianity rather tended to its revival. Thus we find that the ministers in the old religion exercised their functions in the new dispensation; and not only were Bardic orders acknowledged, but no native was eligible to the Christian priesthood who did not belong to one of the three privileged classes, and was not either a Bard, a Druid, or an Ovate.

This rule remained in force to the early part of the fifth century.

M. H. D.

WAYSIDE POETS.

EDWIN WAUGH, WILLIAM BILLINGTON.

THE name of "Tim Bobbin" is familiar to many who have never possessed the courage to attempt the mysteries of the Lancashire dialect, in which so many of his quaint sayings remain clothed; yet throughout the cotton manufacturing districts of Lancashire, not only is the name, but likewise the sayings, both in prose and rhyme, of the great provincial humourist, stored in the hearts of all, whether rich or poor. In many respects, John Collier, for that was "Tim Bobbin's" real name, was a counterpart of poor Tom Hood. He possessed the same warm, honest, and genial nature; the same intense dislike of meanness and hypocrisy; the same natural love of freedom and independence; and the same tendency to make the best of his condition; but he was immeasurably inferior, both in genius and ability, to the author of the "Bridge of Sighs." John Collier, however, was a true poet; and one peculiarity of his productions is, to use the words of another Lancashire singer—Samuel Bamford; that in them we find "no traces of any imitation from other poets." If his muse did not make lofty flights, she at least trusted to her own wings, instead of using those of others; and the result has been displayed in an originality of thought and expression which insensibly gains a strong hold of the minds of all who have rendered themselves familiar with his works. John Collier died in 1786, but the inhabitants of Rochdale still point out the place where he lies buried in the graveyard of their parish church, and many a pale-featured youth, with hands rendered hard and horny by labour, has felt the sudden inspiration arise within him as he stood by the humble tomb of the rare-hearted Tim Bobbin. Tim has had many imitators, but none have succeeded in securing the mantle of his popularity. Their pretensions have been too transparent, and placed on too flimsy a basis.

Tim, however, indirectly originated a school of local poets, of which the existing principal representative is Edwin Waugh, a name known in every household throughout the length and breadth of Lancashire. The principal characteristics of this school are firstly the poetical delineation, in simple, homely, dialectic phases, of the common scenes of lowly life; and secondly, a strangely curious mingling of the pathetic with the humorous, until the reader scarcely knows whether to smile or weep. In this latter respect, Edwin Waugh possesses considerable power, and has obtained for himself a still widely increasing amount of popularity. One of his songs, entitled "Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me," has become a great favourite with the working people of Lancashire, who may sometimes be heard singing it amid the noise and bustle of the workshop or the factory. I once heard it sung by the females attending one of the sewing classes formed in Lancashire during the commencement of the distress, and never did strains seem

more touching than the plaintive yet sweetly tender melody of the poor hunger-smitten workers; indeed, it was impossible to refrain from tears, as, with quivering lips and moistened eyes, they sang the lines so familiar to them in happier days. "Come Whoam to thi Childer and Me," is a song which henceforward must form a integral part of Lancashire history itself. But here are the verses:—

"Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There's some nice bacon collops o' th' hob,
An' a quart o' ale-posset i' th' oon;
Aw've brought thi top cwot, does ta know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree;
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer,
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags.
An' a nice little white cotton bo';
An' aw kiss'd her again; but hoo said
At hoo wanted to kiss thee an' o'.

An' Dick, too, awd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him up stairs;
Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he looked i' my faze, an' he said,
'Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?'
An' he cried whol his een were quite red;—
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length aw geet him laid still;
An' aw hearken't folkes' feet at went by;
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hanged em o' th' maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt—
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

Aw've a drum and a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick
An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel;
Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay—
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see*;
An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
But aw olez bring summut for thee!

God bless thee, my lass; aw'll go whoam
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd;
Thae knows, at wheerever aw' roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer and thee."

Very simple, is it not? But simplicity is the essential element of success and popularity. It is almost worth while to become a working man, if only for the pleasure of singing such a truly English lyric. But Mr. Waugh is equally at home in the Yorkshire dialect, which possesses a strong affinity to that of Lancashire; and the following poem affords, perhaps, the best justification for placing Edwin Waugh amongst our Wayside Poets.

"AW NIVIR CAN CALL HUR MY WIFE."

"Aw'm a weyver ya knaw, an awf deead,
So aw du all at iver aw can
Ta put away aat o' my heead
The thowts an' the aims of a man!
Eight shillin' a wick's whot aw arn,
When aw've varry gooid wark an' full time,
An aw think it a sorry consarn
Fur a hearty young chap in his prime!

But ar maister says things is as well
As they hae been, ur iver can be;
An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
If he'd nobud swop places wi' me;
But he's welcome ta all he can get,
Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
An' aw'm nowt but a madlin ta fret,
Ur ta dream o' yond bewtiful lass!

Aw niver can call hur my wife,
My love aw sal niver mak' knawn,
Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
Throws a shadda' across o' my awn;
An' aw'm suar when hur heart is at eas,
Thear 's sunshine an' singin' i' mine,
An' misfortunes may come as they pleas,
Bud they niver can mak' ma repine.

That Chartist wur nowt bud a sloap,
Aw wur fooild be his speeches an' rhymes,
His promises wattered my hoap,
An' aw leng'd fur his sunshiny times;
But aw feel 'at my dearist desire
Is withrin' within ma away,
Like an ivy-stem trailin' i' t' mire,
An' deein' fur t'want of a stay!

When aw laid i' my bed day and neet,
An wur geen up by t'doctor fur deead—
God bless hur—shoo'd come wi' a leet,
An' a basin o' grewil an breead;
An' aw once thowt aw'd aht wi' it all,
But sa kindly shoo chattud an' smiled,
Aw wur fain tu turn ovvur to t'wall,
An ta bluther an sob like a child!

An aw said as aw thowt of her een,
Each breeter fur't tear at wur in't;
It's a sin ta be niver furgeen
To yoke hur to famine an stint!
So aw'l e'en travel forrud thru life,
Like a man thru a desert unknownd,
Aw mun ne'er hev a hoam an' a wife,
Bud my sorras will all be my awn!

Soa aw trudge on aloan as aw owt,
An whativir my troubles may be,
They'll be sweetened, my lass, wi' the thowt
That aw've niver browt trouble ta thee;
Yit a burd hes its young uns ta guard,
A wild beast, a mate in his den;
An aw cannot but think that it's hard—
Nay, deng it, awm roarin' agen!"

Edwin Waugh has been called the "Burns of Lancashire," and few of those who have read his productions will grudge the title thus bestowed upon one of the truest poets which Lancashire has yet produced. Many of Mr. Waugh's songs originally appeared in the columns of the *Manchester Examiner*; and it is to be regretted that they should not be better known out of Lancashire than they are at present, especially when the difficulties of mas-

tering the dialect in which they are written are so slight.

The author of "Come whoam to thi Childer and Me" possesses, as might be expected, many emulators, the most successful of whom is William Billington, a cotton-manufacturing operative of Blackburn. Some months since, while engaged in literary labour connected with the distress in the cotton-manufacturing districts, I had occasion to call upon the Secretary of the Blackburn Relief Committee. Whilst in the office attached to the works of which the secretary was proprietor, a pale-featured and intelligent-looking operative came in, and was introduced to me as William Billington, the Blackburn poet. From subsequent conversation, I learned that he had published a volume of poems under the title of "Sheen and Shade," and that he was an occasional contributor of poetical pieces to the columns of the Preston papers. The following piece affords a fair specimen of Mr. Billington's usual style. It is entitled "Nobuddy knows bud meh sel:"—

When nobbut a bit uv a lad—
A bhoy abeawt th' heyght o' meh knee—
Aw lived wi' meh mam un meh dad,
Un aw yuse to cloime th' owd happo-tree
To shake id big looad a bid less ;
Un heaw mi' hert lept when they fell—
When red uns leet thump among t' gress—
Ther's nobuddy knows but meh sel.

Wey'd a orchut, a pump, un two wells,
Un a heawse uz worn'd builded o' breck ;
Wey'd a clooas hedge an fowd to wursels,
Un o for two shillin' a week !
A snug little countryfied cot,
Where peace, health, un happiness dwell,
Un heaw happy aw lived i' that spot
Ther's nobuddy knows but meh sel.

Aw'd bobbins to wind, un noss t' choild,
But nowt wor no trouble to me,
Aw rolluckt un run welly woild,
Un rowld on un throoav loike a tree ;
At last yar fooak send meh to t' skoo,
Where they lerned meh to read un to spell,
Un heaw aw waxt woiser un grett
Ther's nobuddy knows bud meh sel.

Moi yed grew uz heygh uz meh my dad's.
Bud meh sense dudund gro quite so fast,
Soa, loike other gred fellow-lads,
Aw sterted o' coartin ut t' last ;
Aw buck'd up to t' bonniest lass
Uz lived within t' ring o' t' church bell,
Un which way aw won her, by t' mass !
Ther's nobuddy knows bud meh sel.

Aw wed her, un childer coom thick,
Un weyvin whent wos un still wos ;
Un which way aw kept us o wick
Aw kudn'd tell iv aw'r to osse ;
Wey scrat on un dud uz wi' cud,
Bad luck followed after pell-mell,
Un heaw aw pood through uz aw dud
Ther's nobuddy knows bud meh sel.

Bud t' childer grew up un geet wed,
Un sterted o sturrin ther shoos
Tort wheer ther wur werk to be hed,
Un they sattled i't factory soon ;

They progg'd on un prosperd o reet,
Un heh ! id's a pleasur to tell !
Un heaw it rejoyst meh to see't
Ther's nobuddy knows bud meh sel.
Aw sterted o' keepin a shop,
Har Tummus geet tackled, an' then ;
Yar Peter just happened to pop
On a snug shop o' mannishing, when
This America bother begun—
This world-woide misfortune befell—
For wod loss un wod lumber theyn done,
Let Lancashire speyk for id sel.

In common with many of his fellow-workers, William Billington has felt a portion of the force of that terrible storm which has so seriously endangered the industrial fortunes of Lancashire. Blackburn was one of the first places to feel the effects of the cotton dearth occasioned by the war in America, and for months afterwards its mills were closed, and the cold damp pavement of its streets re-echoed with the slow, listless tread of the unemployed, as they wandered sadly up and down, hoping against hope, and sorrowfully thinking of their wives and little ones at home. After a time, a few supplies of cotton found their way into the markets; but the staple was of such a wretched description that, in many cases, it was almost unworkable. This cotton consisted of the most inferior kinds of Surat, and in the following lines William Billington has, with a grim kind of humour, described the miseries of the Surat weaver:—

We're werkin lads frae Lankisheer,
Un gradely daysent fooak ;
We'n hunted weyvin far un near,
Un could'nd ged a strooak ;
We'n sowd booath table, clock, un cheer,
Un popt booath shoos un hat,
Un borne wod mortal mon could bear,
Affoor we'd weyve Surat !

Id's neah aboon a twelmon gone
Sin t' Yankee war broooke eat ;
Un t' poor's traade herd to potter on
Tell t' rich ud potter eat ;
We'n left no stooan unturn'd, nod one,
Sin t' trade becoom so flatt,
Bud neeah they'n browt us to id, mon,
They'n med us weyve Surat !

Aw've yerd fooak toke o' t' treyding mill,
Un pickin oakum too ;
Bud stransportashun's nod so ill
As weyvin rotton Su !
Id's bin too monny for yar Bill,
Un aw'm as thin as a latt,
Bud uv wey wi t' Yankees hed ur will,
We'd hang 'em i' t' Surat !

Id's just laake rowlin stooans up t' broo,
Or twistin roocaps o' sand ;—
Yo piece yore twist, id comes i' two,
Laake copwebs i' yor hand ;
Aw've werked un woven laake a foo !
Tell aw'm as weak as a cat,
Yet after o' as aw could do,
Aw'm konkurd bi t' Surat !

Aw wonst imagund Deeth's a very
Dark un dismal face ;
Bud neeah aw fancy t' cemetery
Is quate a pleasant place !

Bad sin wey took yar Bill to bury,
Aw've offen wish'd Owd Scrat
Ud fotch o' t' bag-o-tricks un lorry,
To hell wi o' t' Surat!

"Surat" has since become a by-word for everything which is bad or worthless; and not long since an action was brought against a Manchester paper for permitting the term "Surat ale" to be inserted in an advertisement; but it is to be hoped that the days of "Surat" are ended, and that Mr. Billington and his fellow toilers have a brighter period in store for them—a period when "Surat" shall be a thing unknown. They have, to all appearance, surmounted the great crisis of their fate; and with the return of prosperity, perhaps, the muse of Mr. Billington may pipe her strains to blither subjects, the reflex of the happiness and content of a true poetic mind.

JOHN PLUMMER.

THE NEW YEAR.

"His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and severest pleasures,
And his crown'd age upon the top of time
Shall throne him, great in glories, rich in treasures.
The sun is up, the day is breaking,
Sing ye sweetly, draw anear,
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be his waking."

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

AGAIN on the borders of a fresh year we stand,—once more we begin, as it were, a new path on the road of life, as yet untraversed and unknown; the end is hid from our view, for we can only discern that portion upon which we stand at the present moment. The flowers and the thorns which may be scattered upon it are invisible, and we shall only see them when we touch them. Yet it appears to us a brighter path than the one we have left behind,—the old, old one, with its thorns and flowers, which we have now lost in the dim, shadowy, never-to-return past. But, perchance, some of the flowerets we have safely gathered, and stored away in our hearts; and their fragrance shall bring to our remembrance happy days of yore. Oftentimes arises from the graves of our buried hopes, the sweet odour of faded flowers, stealing o'er our senses,—reviving forgotten scenes, bright pictures come forth from the gallery of olden days, drawn by memory's magic pencil.

The New Year! is a season of peculiar thoughtfulness, and speaks to our hearts in solemn tones, bidding us consider it as a peculiar time, given us for forming fresh resolves, and begin a new life, fervently endeavouring to make it better than the old one, which, as it were, was taken from us, and buried with the old year. A fresh phase in our existence is begun with the new year; a golden opportunity offered to us to lay aside old sins, and earnestly form good resolutions, to make this coming year a better, holier, one; and shall we not try and do so? Can we not see the golden motto, that shines amid the holly wreath that crowns the head of the fair New Year,—"*EXCELSIOR*"—and shall we not take it for our own? Oh! surely, Yes!

LEILA.

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF XVIII.—CERTAIN BUILDINGS AT OXFORD.

"Ye sacred nurseries of blooming youth!
In whose collegiate shelter England's flowers
Expand, enjoying, through their vernal hours,
The air of liberty, the light of truth;
Much have ye suffered from time's gnawing tooth,
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers,
The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street,
An eager novice robed in fluttering gown!"

THERE now, *that's* quoted—Wordsworth's enthusiastic praise of Oxford, albeit himself a Cambridge man. In common decency I was bound to reproduce this, in any Portfolio of Oxford Leaves. I smile, however, while I copy it (exciting thereby my fair partner's unconquerable curiosity, if indeed the word be applicable to a woman). O, to think that I was, then, *once a blooming youth!* To have Wordsworth's august authority for the fact that I was one of England's expanding flowers! To think that my cosy little room, with its pictures, and books, and red curtains, was nothing, after all, but a flower pot! And that, when turned out of my rooms, in the last term of residence, I was only being repotted!

Pardon my jesting, Venerable Shade, august friend! Yea, let me, at least *have been* a flower, expanding, in those genial days, under a very bright sun; ay, as it were, on a hot-house shelf!

Poor flower! I don't look much like one now. I suppose I have expanded, and the light petals have fallen away on this side and on that;—and only a still flourishing stock of leaves left to me! Yes, let me *have been* a flower, if but a plain and homely one; so may I hope, that amid the rough winds and gleams of sunshine of a graver, sterner, life, some useful fruit may be maturing, meet for the Master's use. Away from the cultivated garden grounds, on a wayside bank in an unseen nook, thither have I been transplanted, and there, if at all, am I forming and ripening the fruit of my life. Would that the boughs were weighing down to the ground, instead of there being only here and there, after much peering among the boughs, perhaps a shrivelled, solitary scattering.

Well, to turn again from a graver thought, I am I say, at least full of *leaves*, as the reader can testify. Month after month I gather fresh foliage, nor is the tree exhausted; but I still feel future unborn leaves pushing and shooting within me; I am, I may say figuratively, covered with sticky buds. They are in different stages of bursting; this, for instance, is pushing out its crumpled emerald fingers from its dark December case, albeit no one pass that way to see it, until dark December has fallen from it and left it free.

Well, all this came of the habit poets have of calling people names. Had Wordsworth let me

alone, and not called me a flower, I had, perhaps gone sedately on for a saunter among the buildings whose beauty so much moved the great poet and kindly man.

Who can wonder that they did so? Who can wonder at that intoxication of which he speaks as rushing upon his mind when he stood in the queenly presence of the Pallas of cities? Standing, as we feel sure he stood, on Magdalene Bridge, spires, domes, towers, gardens, groves, spread out before him; great Magdalene Tower rising a solitary watcher, in front of them all; and enduring, gray and tall against the blue sky, with calm unflattered dignity, the poet's enraptured gaze, as being independent even of the poet for earth's immortality—standing thus, a very tumult of delight, and grave thought, and reverent joy, must have overflowed the mind of Wordsworth. Yet, though that beauty stood in no need of such an eulogizer, still, the poet must have felt that he, too, had something to confer in return for the emotion of that hour. He was gathering in sweet thoughts that, having been transmuted into honey in his careful mind, should afterwards store at least two of his perfectly moulded little sonnet-cells.

And walking on, leaving Magdalene with its elms behind him (not yet taught to look back for that last sweet peep of the Tower ere the houses step forward and shut it out); passing, with a shudder, the unlovely frontage of Queen's College, so as to get it well out of the prospect, Wordsworth comes in full view of the High Street, flanked by dark University, that, indeed, "much has suffered from Time's gnawing tooth" (I think I have described the High before, but must let in a little vignette here); All Souls behind the dark Sycamore; then St. Mary's array of pinnacles, and crumbling black porch; above, the fair, graceful spire, with its shade-secreting, light-revealing network, its lesser spires and niches;—beyond this, ancient houses, then another spire, Palladian, but tolerable from its proportions and position. Words can enumerate the buildings, can call up before the mind that knows it, "the stream-like windings of that glorious street." But they cannot present it, in its beauty, to the thought of him who hath never beheld it; albeit that Wordsworth's line be a gem of a pen-and-ink sketch thereof. Three more or less important spires and towers have been added to the clustering majesties of Oxford since Wordsworth's sonnet was penned, viz., those of the New Museum, Exeter Chapel, and Balliol Chapel.

What about the buildings of Oxford? Do I mean to enumerate them, after the fashion of a guide-book, or to write out some pages of it, as Mr. Bouncer used to do in his mother's letters? No, I mean but to stroll about the place, picking out here and there a building, or part of a building, new or old, for praise or censure. And I mean to do so, arm-in-arm with Ridgely, to-day. We first come, then, into that species of Quad, flanked by dark and weather-beaten Brasenose, with its broad chestnut tree, beautiful whether in emerald lightness, or in more sober sienna garb—flanked again

by the grey crumbling Schools, by All Souls College, and by St. Mary's Church. Of these I mean not to speak at length. The Schools, debased enough, as to architecture, are yet venerable and interesting, and, if the detail be not criticized, not without beauty in the mass. But then that old, grey tone would make almost anything poetic. Enough, I cavil not at the Schools; I passed them comfortably, shall I criticise them now? No, not while that dread little door of the testamurs is still distinct to my mind's eye; not while that Divinity School (ill-treated by Wren, but untouched by me), and those other two Arenas still call before my mind the periodical gathering in the Quad, and rushing, a black drove, into our pens; not while still those long lists of Latinized names, divided into two lots,—ere long to be defaced with obliterated names of men who "*scratch*," i. e., retire from the conflict.

"Parma non bene relictæ;"

not satisfied with the result of paper-work, nor caring to bear the onset of *viva voce*—not while these pale ensigns make freshman's blood run yet within the veins.

Debased, I said, is the architecture of the Schools; debased would have been, alas! the degree conferred in their precincts, but for the exertions of the public-spirited Public Orator, and some one or two of his allies. The final classical examination, even "Greats," had been well nigh shorn of its dignity and stripped of its honour. May the day be yet far distant when honours in *Natural Science*, or in *Law and Modern History*, shall render the valuable introduction into classic realms of thought, now pressed in that examination upon every aspirant B.A., no longer a *sine qua non*!

I could not pass the schools, nor could Ridgely, without a somewhat prolonged salaam. I mean not to dwell on the other sides of my Quadrangle; only will I look mournfully at All Souls. Poor Fellows! of course if the College cannot any how manage to remove them, they must still groan under the exceeding ugliness of those hybrid windows; those towers, cut as little boys carve the sides of their slates; that chapel built after the pagan temple style; but if these *can* be exchanged, or, at least, toned down into some accordance with the old Quad and the High Street frontage; what patriotic fellow but would empty his own pockets, as well as the College coffers, in order to affect this? At least the Library;—why *have* a Library, if no other can be procured than this, which is a gross blemish, a very wart on the face of the Beautiful City?

In the centre of this Quad is placed the Radcliffe Library; built in the age of bad taste and mediocrity in Architecture, Painting and Poetry, i. e., the eighteenth century. Ridgely admires this, and I suppose it is one of Wordsworth's *domes*. But no, I cannot, I *cannot* admire this big hyacinth bulb, fixed into a glass too small in proportion, and never flowering. It always seems to me to have wandered into Oxford from somewhere else; and

to have lost its way, and left the rest of its buildings behind it. It seems to me incomplete, unmeaning, purposeless. It even seems to show on its sides the scars where the rest of the structure once was joined on; though, in truth, the buildings that should complete it must, to judge from those scars, have run out in all directions, like spider's legs, from the corpulent body in the midst. The post in Trafalgar Square,—a column that has strayed from some great Arcade,—is senseless and unmeaning enough. But methinks that a friendless, solitary dome, cast without any relations or connections into the midst of a Gothic city, is something even more desolate, even more incongruous, hopeless, and absurd. It props itself, in a naked, shivering way, on its many Corinthian crutches; Brazenose frowns at it, St. Mary's ethereal spire includes it not in its heavenward musings. But it stares out of the ugly holes in its roof, and holds up a host of senseless urns, much as the forfeits are held up, with "What shall be done to the owner of this pretty thing?"—at a child's game; and never seems likely to come to any closer intimacy or better terms with any of the buildings about it. It is (besides the hyacinth), not unlike a huge umbrella, with the ribs worn outside. I will afford it this one item of praise, that it gives back some pleasant broken silvery gleams of moonlight, seen among the spires from the parks, at night. And, if allowed to fall into ruins, and plentifully covered with ivy (a thing which could be done at small expense), it would really not be such a great disfigurement after all.

Whither shall we turn now? I am in a captious mood, perhaps, so will go on to another, as it seems to me, eyesore to dear old Oxford. I am perforce content to leave *old* eyesores, little and big, alone. I suppose that too much that is bad hath crept in, time after time, for it to be possible to weed all out, even the more gross and flagrant discrepancies. I suppose that that astonishing building, yclept All Saints Church, must continue to stand. I suppose that Queen's College, with its stone rabbit-skins, nailed, I know not why, on its semi-columns,—with its blind niches and ungraceful cupola,—is unassailable. I fear that the remarkable structure at Trinity, which you hear, with amazement, is the chapel, will still remain, at least the *wonder* of visitors to Oxford. I presume that the huge box-iron, known as the Sheldonian, is too much softened down with associations of dead commemorations, to allow me to hint at even the knocking off of the inconvenient handle stuck on the top by some late and worthy disciple of Wren. I *should*, I own, have thought it possible that some Dean of Christ Church might have made an effort to carry off that obtrusive Wren's nest, from the old trunk of Wolsey's tree, on which that unhappy builder perched it; I allude, of course, to Tom Tower. Worcester College must still, I imagine, remain alike a libel on a private house, and a university building, which ever the stranger may take it for; Oriel Chapel must still, perhaps, bear away the palm for the ugliness and baldness of its debased

windows, from Wadham, which latter has not a chance in the contest with it. The porch of St. Mary's must, I fear, still blemish the church, since I believe that it is to be even restored. It *was* suggested that it be added to the second Quad of St. John's, and if this *latter* is impossible of alteration,—it would be certainly better to roll *two* eyesores into one. The new building at Magdalene, lovely Magdalene, College,—well, that might surely be replaced by a Gothic building, if only in revenge for and defiance of the monstrous notion conceived at the period of its erection, namely, of rebuilding the whole College in the like atrocious style. And, last, it is useless to lament over the hideous Tudor monuments which disfigure the interior of Christ Church Cathedral; and over the galleries and blocked windows of St. Mary's—not so, one would think, over the vile linen coverings which fill up and hide the windows of that church, now that at least *tinted* glass is so generally used, and so inexpensive.

These blemishes are, possibly, too many and too great for any even to hope to remove them; save here and there, one or two, by degrees. But surely, surely, now that Architecture is being studied, and the fitness of things considered—surely new and still more glaring deformities need not be added to the list of the old!

Need I say that I allude to the Taylor Institution, built, not in the poor eighteenth century, nor early in this our own—but in 1845. The building is, to my mind, essentially ugly. Long and low, an irrepressible comparison with a well-bred Skye terrier is always forced upon my mind when looking at it. As a whole, it is bald, unimposing, and depressing to the mind; the ornament is scanty, ill-chosen, and meagre; birds are ill builders for Oxford—this was built by a *Cockerell*, as many a sore grievance was the compilation of a *Wren*. But, were it a fair building of its style even, the utter unfitness of such a pile—Greek, if we must insult the stately buildings of Athens by thus miscalling the incongruous masses which profess to imitate them—the entire unsuitableness of the style, with everything else about it, must surely strike the stranger's eye, if it does not that of the inhabitant. Beautiful Early English St. Giles', venerable St. John's College, the graceful Martyrs' Memorial, St. Mary Magdalene's Church, with its pinnacled angels and open tracery; the newly-built portion of Balliol, looking towards the Memorial; what have all these in common, as to similarity or sympathy, with that bald, long-columned, well-urned pile?

Well, I hope that the day for such unhappy blunders has gone by. And yet the protest is not unneeded, when many were found to advocate the repetition of the mistake, at the building of the New Museum; and when, for the Government offices, Lord Palmerston hath tabooed the style in which Scott and Butterfield build, in favour of that in which Cockerells used to crow, and Wrens to twitter.

I turn now, relieved, from the distasteful task

of fault-finding. Yea, the reader will ask, Is *this* your love for your beautiful Oxford? Can men see so many faults in those they really love? Ay, that can they, I answer, and yet love them still, *where the excellencies overpower and outnumber the faults*. When both Truth and a friend are dear, and disagree, Truth must be dearer than a friend. Said not Plato so of Homer? Repeated not Aristotle this of Plato? Therefore, O fairest of cities! I love thee not the less because I love not thy blemishes and would fain see thee perfect! Turn not from me grieved or offended, Alma Mater, the milk of whose learning nourished in me that poor strength I have to cope with and digest the meat of Theology; whose loving discipline trained the thews and sinews of the mind for its after-grappling with the sturdy band that took possession of my library, and drove lighter Poetry, and History, and Philosophy to the more remote regions of its shelves! Call me not ungrateful; for thy beauty and thy beneficence I love thee, foster-mother; and, if I but think once of thy collective loveliness, thy single blemishes pass away, as though they were not!

But (do you urge, still unsatisfied beholder of this our explanation?) you have found so many faults, that surely the beauties left must be few? Nay, then, you do not know Oxford, that Queenly City. In the first place, taken as a whole, her defects are swallowed up in the general grouping and effect of the buildings—the clustering colleges and churches, the graceful streets, the interspersed gardens, and trees, and groves. Then, among so many buildings, I have picked out but a few for blame; and the many must be considered either beautiful or not unlovely. And these I do not mean to attempt to enumerate; indeed, it would be purposeless to do so. I am only wandering about here and there, chatting more with the reader than with Ridgely; trying to point out, to the inexperienced, defects which, though glaring, are perhaps not so to the uneducated eye, that is still hesitating in its opinion and in doubt (through want of that training in art principles which my last leaf advocated) which objects to admire and which to reprobate. This for the novice; in the educated, I would endeavour by these remarks to stir up a zealous advocacy and furthering of pure taste, and an untiring crusade against such blemishes as energy and funds might yet remove.

No, I am only taking a quiet meditative turn in Oxford with a friend. I am not *doing* the place with a guide-book; I mean but to pick out a building, chiefly of those lately added, or a point in a building, here and there, for special notice of praise.

Exeter and Balliol Chapels, St. Philip and St. James's Church—these, at any rate, we must enter together, and from these gain a hint or two of beauty. And the New Museum must have, as it deserves, a new and separate leaf, though methought, at the outset, to have found room for it even in this.

Exeter College is, indeed, a very choice treat to

lovers of beauty in architecture; but for that one most deeply to be lamented blemish of Parker's shop, which

"Comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle, out,"

this college would be perfect, nearly, in its way. As it is, this shop of Parker's severs the Turl frontage (already 220 feet long) from any connection with that facing the Broad. And I suppose the beautiful chapel owes its somewhat stowed away, and, at any rate, unimposing position and concealment, to the same grievance.

Oh, Parker! publisher of so many works of architectural beauty, thyself an architectural connoisseur and author of no unknown fame, let me appeal to thy better feeling! Is it, is it, too much to ask that thou should'st magnificently endow the college with that respectable, but most ill-placed building, and establish thyself elsewhere (who but would then turn out for thee?) Or, if it be not thine to give, let this appeal be for him who owns this grand opportunity. Fancy (to reward thee) the pleasure I should have, if hereafter I pause once more, as of old, near Kettel Hall, to gaze with admiration on the graceful pile—if I might but see that Gilbert Scott had filled in that reprehensible corner. More oriels, with more glowing light in the dusk, instead of a house really much to be pitied—being a respectable, decent, square-windowed affair—for its painful and evident consciousness of being an intruder where it is not wanted, and spoiling a pleasant and noble gathering by its homely presence among them. It looks so snubbed—the other buildings shrink from it in such unconcealed disgust, that one longs for its mortification to be ended—its disagreeable restraint to be removed and the fair family party of Exeter College Buildings to be united, without constraint or annoyance. Am I asking too much? Surely not; since the buildings themselves are loudly asking, every day, this boon. Surely not; since the beauty of the Beautiful City demands this slight sacrifice.

The Library and new buildings, the work of Gilbert Scott, demand, and will repay, careful consideration from the resident or visitor student of Oxford beauty. I love that tower and gate-house, that simple, elegant archway, and that oriel window above. I am pleased to find the constraining bars, even across the lower windows, fashioned into an added beauty, instead of looking like those of a prison. I love the saintly, serious faces, carved upon, or protruding from the new, yet mellowing stone; two, especially, a grave man and a sweet woman, I always greeted with a glance mutually understood.

And the chapel; ay, we must come to that! I am not going, however, either to describe or to criticize it. I have, I believe, only *once* entered it, and have not so much as a photograph to which to refer for the refreshing of my memory; but I can at least say that I admire and love it. The beautiful corbels; the stone-vaulted roof, ribbed with framework of stone; the fair apse (the only

one in Oxford); the solid, simple oak fittings; the lofty span; the slender spire;—these, and other features, more or less distinct to memory, make the thought of that chapel a lovely thought to my mind. The niches without will, I hope, soon be filled with statues. O, I wonder that men can be so extravagant in the adorning of their own private residences, and so utilitarian and grudging, when the question is as to the adornment of the house of God! Not that Exeter has been stingy; but my remark is a general one. Neither has Magdalene been stingy. Still there is a pause; and only fancy those beautiful fretted stone niches filled in with statues year by year in that lovely, but still imperfect, altar screen!

“Scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose.”

I wonder that more men with money are not found, like Beresford Hope, to devote their money and taste to higher, nobler aims than, for instance, collecting pictures for private galleries. I wonder that the luxury of completing or restoring a cathedral, or an ancient church, is one that finds men so self-denying. I should think it a glorious treat, a never-ending delight, were I an art connoisseur, with a heart yearning beyond earth, and seeking the glory of the great ARCHITECT, of Him who laid down this fair mosaic pavement whereon we dwell, and made walls of ether, and spanned all with that vast, blue, star-sprinkled vaulting.

A Guinness, it is true, here and there, can think £150,000 well spent in the restoration of God's palace in his city; but too little anxiety is there in the mind of the wealthy generally to expend money generously, nay, lavishly, on the edifying, re-edifying, or perfecting of that one house in the town, which, being God's house, is yet the house of all, and whose adornment would raise, I say not the *taste*, but often the very devotional feeling of the many in that town. How much better this than any private gratification!

“Give all thou canst—high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.”

Well, we must not linger at Exeter, to which these remarks apply not, but pass on to another foundation, also exempt from them, namely Balliol College.

Grey and grave old Balliol, venerable pile, who that beholds thee loves thee not too well to criticize thee? Famous for thy scholars, and for thy tutors, who, strange exception to the general rule, do their duty by their charge; famous, also, for thy prowess on the river, and thy choice oars that make Cambridge to sweat; famous now, also, for the fair gem of Butterfield's thought, of late added to thy attractions; we will not regret leaving beauteous Exeter, since we do but cross the road to come to thee!

Balliol Chapel is, indeed, a gem in its way; Scott's is accused (I cannot say, from experience, how truly) of being too near a parallel with La Sainte Chapelle in Paris. I know not; no such thought interfered with my enjoyment thereof. But, at

any rate, Butterfield's is allowed to be an original style, so far as the revival of an ancient style will permit originality. And it is certainly—this new chapel of Balliol—very beautiful. Perhaps the colour may dazzle you at first, but the eye soon discovers, even amid the unhusht newness, that nothing of garish, nothing of unconsidered, unharmonized colour is there to offend the eye. The east window is very beautiful; the variegated external masonry seems, to me, rather to want, what Mr. Butterfield could not give it, the toning and mellowing touch of Time. The bell-turret is tall and graceful; on the whole, Oxford, as well as Balliol, owes a debt of gratitude to the great architect of All Saints, Margaret Street. Colour is partly his forte, and colour is here expressed; but it is not on colour alone, or chiefly, that he depends for his fame. It is a valuable accessory to that beauty of proportion and form in which his mind dwells, and which his designs realize.

One great feature of interest in Balliol New Chapel is its origin. It was built by the members of the College, as a most suitable and admirably chosen memorial to the late Master of Balliol, Dr. Jenkins. Its cost was, I believe, £6,000. A handsome sum for a small building; but one cannot help reflecting how many might afford such a treat as this out of their own private pocket; and how few care thus to make God's house a thing of beauty and of joy to all; and, chiefly, a not unworthy offering, as far as that may be, to the service of the Great King!

One architect and one building more, and I have done for this time. I allude to Mr. Street, and to his newly-erected church of St. Philip and St. James. This is built in a costly and munificent manner, by the inhabitants of almost a new suburb of Oxford, towards Summerfield, beyond the parks. Besides a crescent, several houses, and blocks of houses, have sprung up that way; some of these not bad specimens of an attempt at Gothic house architecture; one, at least, suggested by the neighbourhood of the New Museum. This new settlement is in St. Giles' parish; and the new church is a district church, belonging to St. John's College, and held by one of the fellows of that society.

The new church is, in many ways, peculiar. I suppose the chief peculiarity which strikes the eye is the proportion of the nave with regard to the rest of the building. The side aisles are, as it were, sacrificed to this, and the great feature of the body of the church is made to be the nave. As to appearance, this plan is successful, giving something of a grand openness and space to the church. And certainly, as to the important requirements of seeing and hearing, it is still more a success. I stood in the desk, and in the pulpit, and all the congregation, one could see, would be before the eye. This is a very important item of deserved praise. The low, massive pillars on each side of the nave are, to my mind, successful in their aid to the general effect. But the eyesore is, I think, the roof. In order to gain width for the nave, that portion of the church diverges from the

chancel on either hand. So that, the columns narrowing the intervening space as they near the chancel, the roof is compelled to yield also to their compressing curve; and the roof being boarded over, the boarding has the look of being warped above the chancel arch, rather than of being taken in by design.

The reredos is handsome, but in colour poor. The open-pewing is very good. The capitals of the columns and, I think, some of the corbels are left rough and uncarved—wisely, I think, in order that future funds may supply the means of devoting to them the best workmanship. The church as to its external effect is not satisfying—it seems to have rather a huddled and meagre appearance.

That these remarks are not those of an architect, nor even of a well-versed amateur, those who know will easily discover. They are but the hap-hazard notes of one who, loving beauty, loves to trace it and converse on it, here and there, with a reader or with a friend. You might well pick holes in my criticism; yet one or two hints may lurk in these pages for those still less versed in the subject than I. Cavil not at my meditations, O better informed Reader! who hast, for some time, taken Ridgely's place by my side (he having gone down to the river for the Scratch Fours). More—much more—might I say on bits and buildings by which I loved to pause in Oxford; but more must not be said now. Come, let us to one old haunt, dear Magdalene Chapel, passing under the gateway, which Ruskin would ridicule, but which we, less instructed, will admire—the gateway built by Pugin, at least one of the champions of Gothic Art Revival, and entitled to all honour as such, albeit he sought not far enough back in it for its higher purity and simplicity.

And the chapel, howsoever beautifully restored, that, too, is but built in the third pointed style. Let not that trouble us; for is it not, in its style, a perfect gem? The rich dark oak, the mellowed stone, with, at least, thirty years' advantage over the buildings we have just left; the stained windows, the grand organ, the sweet choristers, the dim religious light, the compactness and perfectness, in its way, of all; the neighbouring cloisters, the overwatching tower—O, no new beauties must, can ever expel *this* old favourite, this sweet, memory-hallowed, devotion-aiding chapel from its first, best place in my love! I sit there again; the two choristers leave the lily-finaled stalls, and pace up to the president and the vice-president with the anthem, and then a clear voice sings, "O, Rest in the Lord!" the sea-roar of the organ comes in, and—well, it always is as much as I can bear. All is in such harmony—service, building, voices, instrument; and a vague hint of what God's service may be hereafter seems dimly suggested to the mind.

One turn now round Magdalene Walk, our old friend and Addison's, passing first through the quiet, grey, ivy-draped, scarlet-freaked cloisters, with their quaint adornment of grotesque carvings, while the little choristers' feet patter away under the long, hollow-sounding roof.

Autumn is in the walk now, and the long, delicate arms of the beech trees stretch across the path, holding still their scanty savings of thin, tarnished, milled gold pieces. Some will lavishly scatter them to the scrambling winds; some will, though themselves bare and destitute, yet clasp them and hug them up still; misers who have gained in exchange for their many young live green hopes only a miserable gathering of hard dead gold, to which they cling, being all that now they have, since they let go those old adornings of what were graceful, and tender, and ethereal, and fair. They will shiver and sigh through the winter; but, I half fancy, better, purer, gentler thoughts and feelings will come upon them with some April air; and, bursting into tears, they will throw away their sordid savings, and open their eager hands for the innocent fresh loveliness which, for them, is lost and won every year. Untaught that earth's fairest hopes and dreams, time after time grasped, will, time after time, disappoint, and "the unwasted stars" look again through the bare boughs!

We have moralised once through the walk now; we have come round to where we started; we began with the beeches and end passing under the elms. Having together rambled among some of the aisles and carvings of stone, and regarded some of the cunning chasing of man's chisel, here we part company. Here we shake hands for this while, before the perspective of beech trunk columns and branch fan-tracery, upon the waving mosaic of watery sunshine and pale shadow, with a low organ-hush sighing through the dead leaves, and one chorister Robin singing, in its own sweet fashion, still that same clear anthem that we have but just heard within the chapel expressed by that young boy's voice, in those words by which the Psalmist rendered it. O, let us listen to it—yea, all our life through, while all things, grave or gay, joyful or sorrowful, ceaselessly repeat it to the ear!

V. I. R.

ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY.

To speak of Artificial Beauty, we have little more to do with it than to dislodge it from the Real, and to leave its subjects with one word of advice,—that if they are ever in *deshabille* they should take care never to be caught in it. We may as easily dispose of the Capricious Beauty, (though not exactly after the same manner), which is finished off with wiles and smiles; the Arch-looking Beauty, with which persons are so vastly taken, or rather *taken in*; and the Assumptive Beauty, remarkable for putting on that which does not naturally belong to it; and all this, perhaps, from being within hearing of a parcel of sanctioned absurdities, such as, "a negligent and careless air," "a scornful look," "a disdainful smile," or "a pretty pout." Every town or village has its beauty to boast, who is supposed to embellish the neighbourhood to which she belongs. The court has its "reigning beauty," the city its "belle," and the country its "blossom;" nor is there a family which

has not what is called "the flower of the flock." A lady patroness, who was endowed with seven small children which looked to every other eye like so many young griffins, very unexpectedly (though naturally) asked an artist, which he thought was the handsomest; the reply was, "Really, Madam, it is impossible for any one to say;" this was most flatteringly taken by the lady, and, fortunately for the gentleman, in the way it was not intended. Reported beauties, with few exceptions, are only so many living illustrations of popular mistakes, and will be found, upon enquiry, to consist in little more than growth, carriage, complexion, or any thing else that may speak in the absence of expression, which makes the first impression on the sight, and the last upon the senses. Some reported beauties have gained their admiration at the cost of the public, and some at the cost of life. The reputed beauty of Mrs. Senior, commonly called "the handsome widow," was the occasion of her advancement in life; while the pretty Miss Verrie was *stared* to death! These visible advantages, and their different results, were left with little more than the casual remark, that what put the widow in such easy circumstances happened to be a sad circumstance for the poor girl. Of Self-conscious beauties (for the comfort and joy of so great a portion of society), their numbers are not few,—they are aware that the world has a very heavy hand at panegyric, and makes such little concessions to Beauty, that if they did not find some satisfaction in themselves they would find very little out of them. Persuade these persons they have no beauty if you can; for the mirror dare not always take that liberty without resentment, and it is well when both the glass and the personal reputation are preserved entire. Where, however, the *natural reflection* may be really such as to create disturbance, the *moral reflection* might succeed in teaching them, that, instead of being *exasperated* with their looks, they should rather endeavour to repair them by the cultivation of those habits upon which they so greatly depend. Persons who are really beautiful are seldom in want of admirers, and settle down very familiarly under the information they receive about it. Happy conceits are generally to be found among those who are neither remarkable for beauty nor the want of it; their beauty being so equivocal as to find it necessary to decide for themselves, they come to the pleasing conclusions, and put themselves under greater obligations to Nature than she at all requires of them. But there are some persons who, although as far removed from Beauty as the equator from the poles, have yet been endowed with such an immoderate share of self-conceit, as absolutely to have grown bold in deformity. There is little doubt that these have been the victims of early flattery; such, probably, as were known by the name of the "mother's darling," or, the "father's own boy," and have outgrown every thing but their praise. Whatever of beauty they may have lost they still preserve the reputation of having once possessed it, and can never be made sensible of their frightful departure from it, while

they have any recollection left of having been called "*angels*." A gentleman of this all-sufficient character, who used to say more fine things of his personal appearance than was ever said of any man besides, was in the habit of talking of himself after this fashion,—that were he disposed to a matrimonial engagement he verily believed he might have the choice of any lady in the land. What rendered his blissful ignorance in this particular the more surprising was, that, in other respects, he was neither wanting in sense nor accomplishments, possessed considerable musical talent, and more than once was known to treat the church and congregation with a voluntary on the organ; after this favour he would usually confer another—the popping of his head from behind the green curtain which concealed him, to gratify the eye as well as the ear, and give the last finish to his personal performance. As it happens that whatever is wanting in the pictorial history of such individuals is sure to be mischievously supplied, it was reported that at one of these exhibitions nothing could possess the timid part of the congregation but that a lion had got into the organ-loft, till out came an arm, a coat-sleeve, and a snuff-box, to contradict their fears, by convincing them that such articles could never belong to that animal. Sometimes an innocent but aggravating mistake steps in opportunely to correct the evil; as in the case of one of these gentlemen, who, on returning from a masquerade in his own proper dress and natural face, was reminded that he had forgotten to take his mask off! There are other persons who, if they do not make such open pretensions to beauty, may yet have much that is hidden under the mask of conceit: this may be partly discovered by certain individual marks which (when descanting upon Beauty) will be found to be nothing more than pickings and choosings out of their own faces: with such it not unfrequently happens, and even amongst men who might find some other way of seeking reputation, that those who chance to be of an opposite complexion will receive from the softer party the epithets "coarse," "harsh," or "hard;" while those whose faces may have all the ruggedness of the Saracen's Head will, in their turn, accuse their fairer brethren of looking like *poultry*. Many persons are not sensible in their awkward attempts to reach the climax of Beauty to what a degree they sink themselves below it: and in cases where Nature appears to have gone to its worst extent, there are those who would convince us how much further they can go; not in the least aware, either, how much they might improve their condition by being more satisfied with it. Even the most highly favoured of Nature, by endeavouring to advance upon her steps, will experience a retrograde movement, which not unfrequently passes them off from natural beauty to the mere affectation, if not the extinction of it, till at length they become those marked and made-up characters which receive neither admiration nor toleration for their acquired defects.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

THE Court is still at Windsor, and the Queen, in the enjoyment of excellent health, is taking her daily walks and drives with her royal daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia.

The monthly obituary includes the name of King Frederick of Denmark, whose sudden death has placed the Father of the Princess of Wales on the Danish throne. King Christian is not, however, for the present, to enjoy his succession in peace. The vexed question of the Duchies is likely to give him trouble. The matter, however, seems simple enough. It stands thus:—On the 30th of December, 1852, the Duke of Augustenburg, father of Prince Frederick, now the claimant of the Duchies, signed, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a cession and transfer, for himself, his heirs and descendants to the King of Denmark, of all his estates and possessions in the Duchy of Schleswig, Island of Alsen, &c., in virtue of a pecuniary indemnity to be paid him by the King. Prince Frederick sets this agreement aside, by pleading that, as he was not of age at the time, and as he, the rightful heir, was therefore not in a position to recognise the transfer of his inheritance, it cannot be binding on him. The terms on which the Duchies were purchased from the Duke of Augustenburg by the King of Denmark were as follows:—

The King agreed to discharge all the Duke's debts and other state obligations, and to pay to him personally the sum of 3,000,000 dollars. The whole of this payment was to be completed before 1865. There is very little now due.

The Treaty of London, signed in 1852 by England, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden, recognises the above transfer, and provides for the transmission of "the whole of the dominions now united under the sceptre of his Majesty the King of Denmark," to his successor. Germany contends that, the conditions of this Treaty not having been fully complied with, it is void, so far as the Duchies are concerned.

There is another obstacle to Prince Frederick's inheritance of the Duchies, and it consists in the fact of his being the issue of the Duke and Mademoiselle Daneskiold. This *mesalliance*, according to a strict law of Germany, bars his succession.

The Government of India, by the resignation and death of Lord Elgin, has been conferred on Sir John Lawrence, than whom a better man could not have been found to fill the appointment. A thorough knowledge of the political condition of India, together with abilities of a high order, integrity, experience, and a certain power of influencing the Indian races, make him exactly suited for the important position he now holds. He is "the right man in the right place," an arrangement which is not seen every day or everywhere.

The Charing Cross Railway is in a fair way of completion. It was provisionally opened on the 2nd of December. Railways are expensive conveniences, but this one seems to exceed all others of a similar length. The cost, when all is paid up, will be £1,000 per yard! It is intended to connect the Charing Cross station with the North Western, Great Northern, and Midland lines, by underground lines. When this arrangement is complete, passengers will be able to book through from Southampton, Dover, or Brighton, to any part of England or Scotland without changing carriages, or losing

time in cabs and omnibuses between one station and another.

A new opera, by Balfe, the libretto by Mr. John Brougham, called "*Blanche de Nevers*," has been produced at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden. Miss Pyne plays the part of *Blanche*, and Harrison that of *Largardere*. "*Blanche de Nevers*" is an adaptation of "*The Duke's Motto*," in which Mr. Fechter made so decided a hit at the Lyceum.

The composer has had difficulties to contend with in transmuting this drama into an opera. There were too many characters, too many incidents, and a redundancy of dialogue. Yet nothing of this superfluity could be dispensed with. All must be crammed in somehow; and all has been crammed in so cleverly that the opera is a decided success.

"*Manfred*" is still played at Drury Lane, and Miss Bateman continues to fill the Adelphi by her very beautiful and graceful personification of the Jewish maiden. This very thrilling and interesting tragedy has one rare quality in these sensational days, and it consists in the fact that no immoral element enters into the plot. We cannot say as much of the little piece, "*The Tragedy Queen*," which precedes *Leah*. It belongs to that objectionable class of performances where the audience is introduced to the morning room and the inner life of a favourite actress. Surely authors might find a worthier field for their genius, and a more ennobling task than depicting the failings and fascinations of these ladies of the stage.

"*Miriam's Crime*" holds its ground at the Strand Theatre, and *Ixion* stands by his wheel at the New Royalty.

The autumn, as usual, has produced its crop of new books. Gift books glitter brilliantly in scarlet and gold, blue and gold, and gold with every other combination. Books for the young! Books for the old! Books for the grave! Books for the gay! Books of all kinds, sizes, and characteristics! Books—almost more than readers! We will mention a few of the most recent publications.

Signals of Distress, by Blanchard Jerrold. 1 vol. pp. 309. Low and Co.

The object of this work is to make known the wants and condition of the poor, with the view of stimulating the benevolent to exertions in their behalf. It gives a series of pictures, drawn from life, of reformatories, industrial schools, night refuges, &c., &c., all of them deeply interesting. The author particularly advocates the industrial school system. "Every earnest inquirer," he says, "who will resolutely study the gradations by which the simple poor man glides into the dangerous slopes, and how vagrancy and immorality in one generation create criminals in the next, must come to the conclusion that to sweep destitute and vicious children from the streets, is at once the wisest and most economical method of dealing with crime. To rear a race of spendthrift convicts is extravagant, when we might rescue all Blueskins in the bud, from crime, and make honest and useful citizens of them, and at the same time put money into our own pocket by the transaction."

This is an irrefutable assertion, and one which Government should act on; and instead of withdrawing, increase the pecuniary aid given to these schools and other reformatory establishments. The short-sighted policy which would dictate economy here is much to be deplored. The cost of educating a child is far less than the cost of convicting and maintaining a criminal, and our convict establishment becomes so expensive that we are compelled to ease the burthen by the ticket-of-leave system—the evil of which is now proved rather

too practically. The Home Office received an admirable lesson on this point in the following occurrence:—"The grant was withdrawn from a certain school, whereupon a county magistrate whose school it was turned his sixty protégés adrift. Found in the streets, they were brought before him. He, in his magisterial capacity, sentenced them, under the Industrial Schools' Act, whereupon they were conducted back to school, and the Home Office was compelled to pay £13 per head for them."

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom," is a saying which we dare not dispute. If children are reared in drunken and profligate homes, they will probably become drunkards and profligates—and drunkards and profligates breed criminals. The only chance of moral or religious instruction for them is through these public schools.

Mr. Jerrold's aim in this work is excellent, and the work itself is excellent, but we cannot agree with him in his concluding paragraph. He says, "total abstinence is a violent measure." We will give Mr. Jerrold's own words as the best argument on the evils of drunkenness. His photograph is—truth, and brings the revolting picture vividly before us. No neighbourhood, he observes, is too poor for a gin palace. No matter how squalid the poverty, these abominations are to be found everywhere.

"Gin palaces blaze with gas at every corner. Under their monster lamps are shadows of men, with their hands in their pockets, and oaths on their lips. Men and women are wrangling, joking, fighting. Shrivelled women, covered with dark rags, flit in and out, victims of poverty and gin. Children approach with bare feet, matted hair, and wild eyes, bringing old phials, or broken jugs, for beer or spirits. In years they are the veriest babes, but they are keen over quantities and pennyworths. . . . The distillery is the artificial mother of jail birds! Drink goads men to beat their wives, to rob their employers, to grow lazy, and stumble from the honourable ways of life."

Does not this state of things need a "violent remedy?"—even if total abstinence is a violent remedy. It is all very well for Mr. Jerrold to advocate "Temperance," while he abuses total abstinence; but those who are experienced in the matter know that "Temperance" will not cure drunkards, because the drunkard cannot fix the limit where temperance ends and intemperance begins.

There is no space to pursue this argument. Total abstinence is—as all must allow, and even Mr. Jerrold cannot contradict us there—a certain preventive against this gigantic vice, the effects of which are here faithfully and graphically described. The man who does not drink a single glass cannot of course get tipsy.

And if the exchequer suffered by the loss on the sale of spirituous liquors, the deficiency would be more than made up by the decrease of expenditure in our criminal establishments both at home and abroad.

Truth Frae 'Mang the Heather; or, Is the Bible True? By William M'Caw. Pp. 92. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

This essay is from the pen of a Scotch shepherd. The first edition was printed for the Thornhill Institute, and sold so rapidly that a second for the benefit of the public soon followed.

It is an admirable work, full of sound philosophy and sterling truth, and presented in so portable a form as to be available for general utility. It is concise too—a great merit, for many will read the pages of "Truth Frae 'Mang the Heather" who would not wade through the voluminous arguments of Paley. It deserves, and will no doubt have, a large circulation.

Nancy Wimble: The Village Gossip. By P. S. Arthur. S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row, London. Pp. 135.

This story, intended for the young, exemplifies the sin and evil effects of mischief-making. Nancy Wimble is described as "the busybody, tattler, and mischief-maker of the village: and her children, following her example, as the most inveterate meddlers in what did not concern them." "It was this family, in fact," says the author, "that set all the rest of the village by the ears, and made of lovely little Cedardale as uncomfortable a place as a quiet, peace-loving man could wish to live in."

Nancy carries on her game successfully for a time; but punishment overtakes her at last; how we shall not say, that can be found out by reading the book.

The following sentiment is famously expressed. Many people in a higher station than Nancy Wimble might take it to heart and remember it to their own advantage:—

"Liars and busybodies should have good memories. But it is to be noted that such is rarely the case, nature having provided seemingly the defect, as an antidote to the poison that is under their tongues."

Mischief-making, involving lying as a natural consequence, is one of the meanest of vices.

In the grandest of all old books we read this sentence:—"Of every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

Does the mischief-maker remember that phrase when uttering his slanders? If so, he remembers it to his own condemnation.

This book we think will be, as it deserves to be, a favourite. The story is pretty, and nicely illustrated by wood engravings.

Rosa; or, The Two Castles. By Eliza Weaver Bradburn. Pp. 92. J. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row, London.

This is a story of a slightly allegorical character. Rosa is the daughter of Sir Elbert and Lady Matilda. Sir Elbert has an enemy—Sir Envy, who, true to his name, owes him a grudge for the high estimation in which he is held by the Duke. Sir Envy, through the treachery of a wicked man named Traitor, gets into Happy Castle, the residence of Sir Elbert, and takes possession of it. After this all kinds of disasters occur, but everything comes right in the end.

This story, which may be said to partake of the sensational character of the day, will no doubt be found intensely interesting and exciting by many a boy and girl who may travel through the vicissitudes of Rosa's career. The tale is a change from the general run of story books, and will no doubt have its juvenile admirers, although, for ourselves, we must own that we prefer plainer literary diet as the medium for certain moral truths. Illustrations add to the interest of this little book.

Rainy Days; and How to Meet Them. Pp. 88. By Emma Marshall. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

This very beautiful story gives the history of two poor silk weavers who are suddenly thrown out of employ. Both are "good hands," both have been earning high wages, but the one is a drunkard, the other a sober man. Owing to the money spent at the beer-shop, and the general bad management of the drunkard's wife, there is nothing saved for the time of adversity. The sober man's wife, on the contrary, has been able to put away a little fund which helps them through their day of distress.

The writing of this little book is excellent, the intent good, and the moral carried out admirably.

The Haunted House. By Eliza S. Oldham. Pp. 79. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

The story does not fulfil the promise of the title, and those who expect a tale of startling horrors will be disappointed. It is written with a view to temperance principles. The plot is as follows:—Dora Langley lives with her sister, Rosamond, and her brother, Jaspar, at "The Grange." Jaspar becomes a drunkard, meets with a bad companion, turns gambler, and, finally, either commits suicide, or is murdered, or falls into the water while tipsy. His sisters find his body in the river. The shock proves too much for Rosamond—she dies; too suddenly, we think, of the fright and its consequences. Rosa dies of grief.

The memories connected with this terrible tale are the ghosts which people the haunted house. "Jaspar, Dora, Rosamond, ye all stand or glide about its rooms, and hover near those old willows and smothered laurels! Ye all have one sorrowful cry, 'Good Christians, beware of drink!'"

The Brewer's Family. By Mrs. Ellis. Pp. 176. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

This work is by the author of "Women of England," and any remark on the style is unnecessary, as Mrs. Ellis's name stands as the guarantee.

In this story she advocates temperance principles, and illustrates the tremendous evils which may result from the advocacy of moderate drinking.

The tale is this—Mr. Crawford, a man of great respectability, is the owner of a large and profitable brewery. He is one of these "moderate drinking" advocates, maintaining that the sin lies in the abuse, and not in the use, of intoxicating liquors. Experience makes him think differently. He sees the evils resulting from drink, and feeling that the brewery is a fertile source of these evils, he makes up his mind to give it up, and convert the building to a more worthy purpose.

There is nothing very exciting in this volume, but it abounds in moral and religious sentiments of sound and practical utility.

What Put My Pipe Out; or, Incidents in the Life of a Clergyman. Pp. 123. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

This extremely clever and quaintly written book carries on a crusade against the use of tobacco and the pernicious habit of smoking. The following extract of King James's opinion of the use of the weed is amusing:—

"Tobacco," saith King James, "is the lively image and pattern of hell; for it hath, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained; to wit—first, it is smoke—so are all the vanities of this world. Secondly, it delighteth them that take it—so do all the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men drunken and light in the head—so do all the vanities of the world: men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, he that taketh tobacco cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him—even so the pleasures of the world make men loth to leave them, for they are for the most part enchanted with them. And further, besides all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it; for it is a stincking, loathsome thing, and so is hell. And, finally, were I to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes—first, a pig; second, a poll and ling of mustard; and third, a pipe of tobacco for digesture!"

There is a very useful hint contained in the following. The statistical fact has just been given that 136,680,000 pounds of tobacco is annually grown in Europe:—

"What an immense tract of land it must take to grow all this tobacco!" I exclaimed.

"If it were covered with corn!" I suggested.

"What would be its effects on the price of bread?"

This argument is ably followed up, and we are told that, "in 1853 the quantity of tobacco used in England had increased to thirty-two million pounds.

We can cordially recommend this useful and entertaining little work. We have never met with so racy and convincing an anti-tobacconist. The smokers of the present day should profit by its hints.

Young England. Vol. I. Pp. 188. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

This book is a compendium of instruction and entertainment. It treats of all subjects. Here we have biographical and historical sketches; natural history, gardening, games, stories; a chronicle of the chief events of the year 1862-3, with notes on them; chemistry, photography, &c. In fact, it would be impossible to chronicle all the contents of this delightful volume. It is exactly the book to lie on the drawing-room table, and be taken up either for five minutes, or for almost the same number of hours. There are short articles for the lesser period, and interest sufficient for the greater. Old and young will find *Young England* an extremely pleasant companion. Those who can read will meet with an almost inexhaustible fund of amusement and instruction, while those who cannot read may reap the same advantages by looking at the pictures which so profusely illustrate the work.

It is, indeed, a very charming book, and would make a most acceptable Christmas present.

As it is beautifully got up, it combines the ornamental with the useful.

And musical composers have been busy too. Among the latest productions, we would especially notice "The Conqueror Polka" and the "Elise Valse," by Gerard Bres. Dance music is always acceptable at Christmas.

These exceeding graceful and pretty compositions are calculated to put life into busy feet, and please the ears of others no longer votaries of Terpsichore.

"Softly Sleep, thou Guileless Infant," a cradle song by the same author, is an extremely beautiful and simple lullaby, and only needs to be known to be admired.

ROBERT BURNS said that a life of Hannibal, which he read when a boy, raised the first stirrings of his enthusiasm; and that the "Life of Sir William Wallace" poured a tide of Scottish prejudices into his veins, which would boil along them till the floodgates of life were shut in eternal rest. Speaking of his retired life in early youth, he says, "This kind of life, the cheerless gloom of a hermit, and the toil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, when love made me a poet!"

PAUPERISM.—The monthly returns of the Poor Law Board become more favourable every month, in contrast with the period of greatest depression in the cotton districts last year. At the close of October last there were 90,992 fewer persons receiving relief in England and Wales than at the same period of 1862. But this decrease is wholly owing to the better condition of Lancashire and Cheshire; separating from that division the rest of the kingdom, there is no decrease in the latter at all, improvement in some parts being counterbalanced by increased pauperism in others. In Yorkshire there is shown an improvement of 5.87 per cent. The metropolis continues in these returns to show an increase in its pauperism varying from 2 to 3 per cent.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION
ARE EFFECTUALLY CURED BY

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

STATISTICS SHOW THAT 50,000 PERSONS annually fall victims to Pulmonary Disorders, including Consumption, Diseases of the Chest, and the Respiratory Organs. Prevention is at all times better than cure; be, therefore, prepared, during the wet and wintry season, with a supply of KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which possess the virtue of averting as well as of curing a Cough or Cold; they are good alike for the young or for the aged.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d., each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

BAD-BREATH, INDIGESTION, and CONSTIVENESS,
SICK-HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCY, GIDDINESS, and all BILIOUS disorders, are immediately removed by Dr. HUGO'S MEDICAL ATOMS, which have a delightful taste, and may be eaten as confectionary. Sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per packet. Wholesale agents, Da Silva and Co., Bride Lane, Fleet Street; and sold by all respectable Druggists.

KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD LIVER OIL,

The Finest Imported this Season.

THIS VALUABLE MEDICINE having of late years come into such general use, and being, moreover, so extensively prescribed by the most eminent practitioners both in town and country, Mr. Keating can with the greatest confidence recommend this Oil as being perfectly pure, nearly tasteless, and free from adulteration, having been analyzed, reported on, and recommended by Professor Taylor, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, Dr. Scott, M.D., L.R.C.P., F.L.S., &c., and Dr. Edwin Payne, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., who, in the words of the late Dr. Pereira, says that "The best Oil is that which is most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour, characters this will be found to possess, being purely of hepatic origin, a point of great weight with regard to its therapeutic value."

Sold in Half-pints, 1s. 9d.; Pints, 3s.; Quarts, 5s. 6d.; and Five-pint Bottle, 12s. 6d., imperial measure, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

STARCH MANUFACTURERS TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL;

Being a confirmation by some of the most eminent scientific men of the age of the superior qualities of this

WORLD-RENOWNED STARCH.

WOTHERSPOON & Co., GLASGOW AND LONDON.



MORE CLEANLY

Because being in polished blocks it does not drop about like Powder Leads, on the Furniture, Carpets, Clothes, &c.

MORE BRILLIANT

Because it is unadulterated, thus every particle produces a splendid metallic lustre.

POLISHES MORE QUICKLY

Thus saving the time and labour of the user.

AND CHEAPER

Because it is less wasteful. And because a little goes further than any other kind.

Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Ironmongers, &c.
RECKITT & SONS, London Bridge, E.C. and Hull.

Perfect Freedom from Coughs in 10 Minutes after use, and
INSTANT RELIEF AND RAPID CURE OF
ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, INFLUENZA, COLDS,
AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE BREATH, THROAT, AND LUNGS,
Are insured by



Which have a most agreeable taste.

Cure of Fourteen Years' Asthma.

From Mr. T. Walls, Market-place, Hindley, March 2, 1863.—"My wife can now sleep soundly the whole of the night without being disturbed by her cough and shortness of breath, although for 4 years she had not been able to sleep more than a very short time. She is now better than she has been for the last 14 years. J. ECKERSLEY, West Houghton."

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs. All throat affections are immediately relieved by allowing one occasionally to dissolve in the mouth. To singers and public speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all medicine vendors.

CAUTION.—Every box of the GENUINE medicine has the words "DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS" in white letters on a red ground in the Government Stamp, without which words ALL ARE COUNTERFEITS AND AN IMPOSITION.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.

—HAPPINESS ROUND THE HEARTH.—With the sore trials, temptations, and accidents daily endangering health and life in large cities, it is most important to have on hand some means of stopping the budding evil, for the longer it is neglected the more wide-spread is the degeneration. Holloway's medicaments supply this great want; they are inexpensive, purchasable everywhere, can be readily used, are safe in inexperienced hands, and perfectly reliable as healers and purifiers. Holloway's Ointment and Pills cure inflammations, abscesses, and ulcerations with a facility hitherto unknown. Holloway's noble remedies will give relief to sufferers from skin diseases of the most revolting character, for which in bygone days a dangerous mineral was often administered with fatal consequences.

RUPTURES.—By Royal Letters Patent.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, whilst the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d.; postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d.; postage, 1s. 8d.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

(NEW PATENT.)

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The materials of which these are made are recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each; postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.



BILIOUS and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH. They unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect; and where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted. Sold by all Medicine Vendors, price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

PERRY AND CO.'S PATENT ALUMINIUM BRONZE PENCILS AND PENS

Bear such a close resemblance to Gold, as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. Pens 6d. per card. Pencils from 1s. 6d. each.



ORTHODACTYLIC PENHOLDER

The object of this Penholder is to make children hold the pen correctly, i.e. to keep their fingers in a correct position, so as to prevent them from forming a habit of holding the pen in an improper manner, and permanently spoiling their handwriting. Price 1d., 2d., and 6d. each.



PERRY & CO.'S PATENT ROYAL AROMATIC ELASTIC BANDS.

These Bands are not only perfectly free from the unpleasant smell of sulphur, which detracted so much from the value of the old bands, but have, on the contrary, a very agreeable perfume. They are equal in elasticity and strength to the original, somewhat softer, not liable to be affected by the climate, and are superior in every respect to anything yet introduced for placing round and securing papers and parcels of every description. Price from 6d. per Box, in assorted sizes.

SOLID INK.

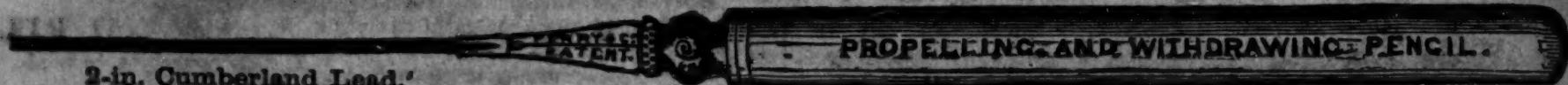
PERRY & CO.'S PROPELLING AND WITHDRAWING PENCILS can now be had, fitted with Red, Blue, and Black Solid Ink, at 3d., 6d., and 1s. each, and upwards. Two inches of Solid Ink in each Pencil.

NEW STEEL PEN.

PERRY & CO.'S "ALBERT" PEN,

Embraces the latest improvements in Steel Pens. Price in patent boxes, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Samples per post for two stamps.

PERRY & CO.'S PENS



2-in. Cumberland Lead.

PERRY AND CO.'S INDELIBLE MARKING INK, 3d. per Bottle, warranted not to run or burn, and will retain a good colour.

Sold by all Stationers: Wholesale at 37, Red Lion Square, and 3, Cheapside, London.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE WELL-KNOWN AND CELEBRATED DOUBLE PATENT PERRYIAN PEN.

Two Volumes in One, in Handsome Cloth, Price 5s. In Bevelled Boards, Full Gilt, 6s. 6d. Postage 6d. extra.

YOUNG ENGLAND,

SUITABLE FOR IN-DOORS COMPANION, NEW YEAR'S AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, AND PRESENTS AT ANY TIME FOR INTELLIGENT YOUTH.

- A**—ADVENTURES of Cannibal Jack.—AMUSEMENTS, Riddles, and Picture Puzzles, original and clever.—Round Games for parties.—ANECDOTES, rich, rare and worth the telling.
- B**—BIRDS: THEIR NESTS AND EGGS; the accurate and scientific observation. Drawings from nature, from the Eagle to the Robin, in the natural order; no bird omitted; portraits of them all and of their eggs.—BIOGRAPHIES, WITH PORTRAITS, of the chief persons of the time.
- C**—CHOW-CHOW, which means a little of everything.—CORRESPONDENCE from all parts of the kingdom, mostly from young persons.—CALENDAR, in which Nature's wonders are chronicled in the weekly and monthly order of their appearance.
- D**—DELUSIONS, Spirit-Rapping, Alchemy, Predictions, Witchcraft, Superstition, &c.
- E**—EXERCISE FOR GIRLS in the open air, with cuts of position, arranged to promote the health of the womanhood of Great Britain.
- F**—FOREFEITS FOR PARTIES.
- G**—GARDENING for boys and girls, with cuts of tools.—GARIBALDI, his portrait and birth-place.—GORILLA, his *vera effigies*.—GOOSE CLUB.—Birds of a feather flock together.
- H**—HERRING and MACKEREL, drawings and natural history of these useful fish.
- I**—INTELLIGENCE monthly from all parts of the world thrown into a few sentences. A good record and remembrancer of past principal facts.
- J**—JEE, A BEAUTIFUL CANARY, with Click his Companion, a true tale, which all who keep Canaries should read.
- K**—KINGS and QUEENS of England, with likenesses and summary history of all of them, from the Conquest to Victoria.

- L**—LARGEST CAVE IN THE WORLD, with a drawing of the interior.
- M**—MONKEYS, true stories and likenesses of these grotesque creatures.—MUSHROOMS, how to get and grow them—said to be more profitable than keeping a pig.
- N**—NILE, its discovery, and African enterprise in general. Portraits of Speke, Livingstone, Petherick, and Natives, from photographs taken expressly for YOUNG ENGLAND; also a portrait of William Craft, the traveller to Dahomey.—NATURAL HISTORY, in great variety, richly illustrated.
- O**—OLD SIGNS OF LONDON, a collection of valuable old lore for young readers.
- P**—POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD; descriptions of them by J. Gray, of the British Museum.
- Q**—QUESTIONS upon almost everything, most of them answered.
- R**—RIDDLES.—REVIEWS.—RAPTILIA, with drawings of all the turtles, frogs, newts, snakes, &c., found in Britain.
- S**—SHIPS, from Noah's Ark to the "Warrior," with drawings of the different sorts in all ages.—SWIMMING, the complete art of it, with full instructions.—SPORTS, on the ice all over the world, illustrated.
- T**—TEA, COFFEE, and CHOCOLATE, their history, with drawings of the plants.
- U**—UNION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN MARRIAGE WITH THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.
- V**—VIPER, drawn from life, with the new snake and the old snake.
- W**—WELLINGTON, pages of personal recollections of him.
- X Y Z** in Algebra stand for "unknown quantities." As such we use them, to denote the unknown quantities which yet remain to be described in these two volumes of YOUNG ENGLAND.

"We rise in the scale when we come to YOUNG ENGLAND."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Article "Cheap Literature."

LONDON: W. TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND.

RICHARD BARRETT, PRINTER, MARK LANE, LONDON.